



ANNUAL  
MONITOR  
1876.

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NEW SERIES, No. 34.

THE  
ANNUAL MONITOR

FOR 1876,

OR  
OBITUARY

OF THE  
MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

In Great Britain and Ireland,

FOR THE YEAR 1875.

L O N D O N :

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1875.



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## LIST OF MEMOIRS.

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### Introductory Remarks.

Hannah M. Bevan.	Samuel Moorhouse.
Elizabeth Brady.	George Morris.
Lucretia Cadbury.	Susanna Neave.
John Fell Christy.	Lucy Newsom.
John Cowgill.	Carolina Norton.
John Dodshon.	Hannah Ord.
Sarah Dymond.	George P. Rickman.
John Ford.	John Stephens.
Rebecca P. Fox.	Sarah Wilson.
Sarah Hallam.	Hannah Wilson.
Sarah Hotham.	Rebecca Worth.
Maria Jackson.	—
Joseph Jones.	Samuel Fox.
Mary Levitt.	John Hodgkin.
Arthur E. Lidbetter.	—

### APPENDIX.

Sarah Benson Mather.

*Errata in last year's Volume.*

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p. 110. Maria Nodal,—age 63, not 68.

p. 157. Henry Scarnell,—omit “*died at.*”

## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

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During the twelve months to which this volume refers, again have upwards of three hundred of our Friends passed off the stage of life ;— the great majority (that is, about two-thirds of the whole), in advanced years beyond the age of sixty. This however is only our mortal existence ; the immortal spirit returns to Him who gave it.

“ An angel’s arm can’t snatch me from the grave ;  
Legions of angels can’t confine me there.”

We are happy in being able again, in such a record, to present instructive and encouraging accounts of the Christian lives and deaths of many, setting forth the glorious efficacy of Divine grace, when received in faith through Christ by the Holy Spirit. “ Ye are washed, and ye are sanctified, and ye are justified, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the spirit of our God.” (1 Cor. vi. 11.) With every variety of character

and circumstance, this grace is sufficient for us. It enables us to glorify God in every condition on earth : and when our bodies are lodged in “ that home of man where dwells the multitude,” it opens before us the everlasting doors. The poet of *Life, Death, and Immortality* writes,

“ The chamber where the good man meets his fate,  
Is privileged beyond the common walk  
Of virtuous life,—*quite in the verge* of Heaven.  
For *here* resistless demonstration dwells :  
A deathbed ’s a detector of the heart.  
You see the man,—you see *his hold on Heaven*,  
If sound his virtue, as Philander’s sound.”

It is indeed a regretful, and often a depressing thought, to remember that our dearest friends are taken away *never to return*,—their place left void ! the wisdom they possessed, the learning they had acquired, their power of reason, and eloquence of tongue, the service which they rendered as no other could, the special talents that made them valuable to society, no more available,—all gone,—“ blotted from the things that be !” The place that hath known them shall know them no more. Who now shall fill their places ? Another generation cometh. The church enquires, is there in that new soil seed growing, that shall yield the like fruit ? The sower of the good seed is still at

work,—are there honest and good hearts to receive it, and bring forth according to their measure? The master of the house still gives out talents to his servants, to be increased by diligence and faithfulness; and He still condemns the unfaithful and slothful who use not his gifts aright, and make no increase. But the Lord *can* renew his church: the lip of truth declared, “God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham.”

It is of Christ's fulness that we all receive what measure of grace we have, and grace upon grace: and if any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally; and it shall be given him if he ask in faith. This is abundantly confirmed by the example and the testimony of those who have gone before us, and it should stimulate us to seek after spiritual gifts, in a personal dedication to the cause of our blessed Saviour and His truth. “He mourns the dead, who lives as they desire.” When the veil of mortality is laid aside, and the soul enters into the unspeakable glory, what would the dead desire for those left behind, but the closest union and the strictest fealty to Christ Jesus the Lord? and that they should aspire after these attainments beyond all earthly reputation and success?

“ I wish them to know,” said a man of eminent endowments, “ that it is a message from my deathbed, with my love.”

Thus being led to live and walk in the spirit, we become instructed in the mind of Christ, are brought out of the devious paths of the world into the straight and narrow way that leadeth to Life Eternal, and (to quote from the yearning words of a pious mother addressed to her grandchild), “ having been enabled to choose the things that are excellent, it may be our happy experience *so to grow in* grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ, as to be *kept from setting bounds to the obedience He requires*, both in words and actions.”

J. NEWBY.

ACKWORTH, 12 mo., 1875.

# THE ANNUAL MONITOR,

1876.

## OBITUARY.

	Age.	Time of Decease.
HANNAH ABBATT,	70	4 12 mo. 1874
<i>Liverpool.</i> An Elder. Widow of Robert Abbott.		

The removal of this dear friend was very sudden, reminding one of the uncertainty of life, and illustrating the saying, "we know not what a day, or an hour, may bring forth."

DINAH ABBOTT,	78	30 11 mo. 1874
<i>Tottenham.</i> Sister of the late Benjamin Abbott.		
SARAH LOUISA ADAMS,	26	9 11 mo. 1874
<i>Gloucester.</i> Wife of William Adams.		

MARY AGGS,	90	24 1 mo. 1875
<i>Tottenham.</i> Widow of Henry Aggs.		

- SAMUEL ALLEN, 69 29 1 mo. 1875  
*Holloway, London.*
- THOMAS ALLIS, F.L.S. 87 24 9 mo. 1875  
*Osbaldiwick, near York.*
- MARY CARLISLE ARMSTRONG, 24 28 3 mo. 1875  
*Carlton.*
- SARAH ATKINSON, *York.* 69 2 1 mo. 1875
- FANNY BEVANS BADDELEY, 20 24 10 mo. 1874  
*Brighton.* Daughter of George and Ann  
 Baddeley.
- MARY BAKER, 62 11 2 mo. 1875  
*Thirsk.* Widow of John Baker.
- BENJAMIN BARRON, 56 14 2 mo. 1875  
*Tavistock.*
- JAMES HARDERN BARROW, 40 15 9 mo. 1874  
 Died at Buenos Ayres.
- MILDRED BARROW, 3 15 10 mo. 1874  
*Birmingham.* Daughter of R. C. and Jane  
 Barrow.
- SARAH BARTER, 58 4 12 mo. 1874  
*Whitley, Reading.*
- MARY ANN CARLETON BARTON, 70 3 3 mo. 1875  
*Tramore, near Waterford.* Widow of Joshua  
 Barton.
- ELIZABETH BATT, 68 1 10 mo. 1875  
*Milnthorpe, near Yealand Conyers.* Wife of  
 Richard Batt.

- JANE BAYNES, 94 29 12 mo. 1874  
*Clifton, near Bristol.*
- THOMAS BEACH, *Croydon.* 76 9 4 mo. 1875
- WILLIAM BEALE, *Ipswich.* 75 13 3 mo. 1875
- BERNARD BECK, 2 9 12 mo. 1874  
*Leominster.* Son of Henry and Eliza Beck.
- CUTHBERT BECKWITH, 81 27 2 mo. 1875  
*Blackhill, County Durham.*
- MARIA BELL, 47 30 11 mo. 1874  
*Belfast.* Widow of William Langtry Bell.
- ABIGAIL SARAH BELL, 73 8 12 mo. 1874  
*Belfast.* Daughter of Timothy Bell.
- MARY HANNAH BENINGTON, 33 2 4 mo. 1875  
*Stockton.* Wife of George Benington.
- WILLIAM GREENWOOD BEST, 73 4 5 mo. 1875  
*Sedbergh, near Brigflatts, Yorkshire.*
- MARY BEST, 4 27 6 mo. 1875  
*Southgate, Winchmore Hill.* Daughter of John and Eliza Jane Best.
- HANNAH MARISHALL BEVAN, 76 7 11 mo. 1874  
*Penge, near Sydenham.* A Minister. Widow of Thomas Bevan, M.D.

Hannah M. Bevan was the daughter of William and Hannah Bennett, and was born in London on the 1st of Second month, 1798. She says that her "childhood passed in an almost uninterrupted course of childish felicity," until

she reached the age of twelve; when her most affectionate mother was seized with a slight attack of paralysis; and it was thought best for the daughter to be sent to school at Croydon. A beloved school-fellow says, that her sweet gentle influence was much appreciated both by her governesses and her companions; that even when a child, her reflective mind was often apparent; and her unselfishness and humility and strong powers of sympathy were very marked.

On leaving school, she nursed her mother with the utmost care and affection until her death. Shortly after this event her father's health also failed; and before long she was left with only her two brothers as her companions; and in conjunction with the older one she carried on their father's business as Tea-merchants. She was tenderly attached to this beloved brother, who had a cultivated mind and was a true Christian; and the inexpressible trial of watching him slowly fade away in consumption, appears to have been the means blessed by Him, who "out of evil still educes good," to her own conversion.

She takes the following retrospect of this event in 1852. "I have dwelt on *that turning-point*, ever fresh in my memory, when the death of my precious brother Samuel was, as I humbly

trust, made the gracious means of awakening my soul to spiritual life. I have remembered *that day*, the one previous to his peaceful close, when from the bended knee the agonized cry of my sin-sick spirit was heard and answered;—and a living faith was given me in the efficacy of the blood that was shed on Calvary's Mount, to wash away even sins like mine. Then, oh, then how was the burden that was too heavy for me to bear, lightened! nay, it seemed cast off and rolled away, as at the feet of Him in whom I believed and rejoiced as my all-sufficient Saviour." It was by the grave-side of that beloved brother, that Hannah M. Bennett first offered prayer in public.

She continued to reside with her remaining brother in Gracechurch street, occupying herself in various ways, for the good of the poor and distressed around her. She joined the *Newgate Prison Committee*, and was accustomed to visit the convict ships; working indefatigably with Elizabeth Fry, Elizabeth Pryor, and others. Her kindness and true sympathy often influenced the poor prisoners for good, especially those whose sentence banished them across the seas. In this class she took the greatest interest. In 1826 she writes, "Yesterday, in company with Elizabeth

Pryor and our dear aged friend Isabella Harris, I paid my fifth and last visit (to two convict ships), and it was more satisfactory than, from the preceding ones, I had any right to expect. I took leave of the poor women under tendering feelings of sympathy and goodwill. I have had great occasion during these visits to reap fresh lessons of humiliation. I have seen more of the lurking deceitfulness of my own heart, and that I am indeed 'prone to evil.' Oh, I have had to feel, that perhaps it has only been the absence of temptation that has preserved me from falling like my poor suffering sisters; and now I feel that I am weak and impotent, and cannot keep myself. May the Lord bestow upon me the blessing of preservation!"

Her earnest desire was "for self to be brought down, and the selfish principle to be destroyed," and to surrender herself unreservedly into the Lord's holy hand, with the language, "Let Him do with me whatsoever He seeth meet." Her journal records a little season of silent retirement, when "a precious evidence was vouchsafed that the Lord has accepted the feeble surrender of my heart, and that He will carry forward His own work there, notwithstanding every inward and outward opposing

thing. \* \* To His holy will do I commit my spirit; and through unutterable mercy I have this morning been enabled to believe, that neither heights nor depths, things present nor things to come, shall ever be able to separate me from His love in Christ Jesus our Lord." Yet, notwithstanding this and many similar seasons, the prevailing habit of her mind, during this period of her life, appears to have been that of discouragement, conflict and deep humiliation. Her natural temperament was not hopeful, and there were many times when her soul seemed stripped of all comfort; and even external things, which were meant to brighten, only brought a darker cloud over her life.

She was acknowledged as a Minister in the year 1828. Her offerings in the Ministry were made in deep humility and much brokenness of spirit. She had the strong conviction, that "those who preach to others availingly must first be purified themselves;" and although, in her early exercise of this gift, she received the nurturing care of kind and sympathizing Christian friends, she felt unable to take much hold of their encouragement. At a later date, she was nevertheless able to advise and strengthen others. To one she wrote as follows:—"I have long appre-

hended that thou hast received a call, to come forward as an active and diligent labourer in the great Master's vineyard ; and when we were lately communing together, I thought I perceived the stratagem by which the cunning enemy is striving to keep thee back. When he cannot exalt above the pure witness in the soul, when he cannot stir up the activity of human nature to work in its own way and will,—then he would depress below the gift of faith ; then he would whisper, “Thou who art so doubtful whether thy own name is, or ever will be, written in the Book of Life, canst surely not be called to instruct others in the way of salvation ! \* \* \* May I entreat thee, as one who has suffered long and bitterly from listening to the voice of the cruel tempter, to lay aside all unprofitable diffidence. I fully believe thou art of that little flock to whom the gracious language appertains, “Fear not.” It is still consistent with the Lord's will and wisdom to choose for his instruments those who are poor and weak, and as nothing in their own eyes ; and no wonder,—for these beyond all others are qualified to ascribe all the power they have to Him. \* \* Come then, let us no longer look to ourselves, our infirmities, our unworthiness. Has not our gracious Saviour, in times that are past,

given us to feel that His precious blood could wash away even *our* sins? Oh, then, shall we not be willing to spend the little time and strength which may yet be granted, in His service?"

In the year 1827, she was united in marriage to Thomas Bevan, who was then a rising medical practitioner. Their union was greatly blessed, and her beloved husband's cheerful, genial disposition did much to chase away the clouds of discouragement which had so deeply shaded her path. In the following year Hannah M. Bevan became a mother, but she was soon called upon to watch with pain the new little life fade away; and after thirteen months the treasure was returned to Him who gave it, with submissive confidence that "God knows best." Other children were afterwards permitted to gladden the home, and blessings increased, although there were still anxieties. When the cholera was raging, the tender, loving wife was intensely alive to the great peril incurred by her husband, while attending patients smitten by that awful disease. Forebodings again prevailed over trust, and mourning and self-condemnation followed in the train.

She was a praying mother. It was her daily habit to set apart a time for private retirement;

and at these seasons she greatly valued the use of *Bogatzky's Golden Treasury*. In a letter to an absent child she says, "I often think when reading Bogatzky, *perhaps* our hearts may be lifted up at the same time for the Divine blessing. Oh, *may we often meet in spirit* at the footstool of mercy!" and again, "if I may but be permitted to see the crowning blessing of my beloved children becoming the children of the Lord, then I should realize what it is for even 'the widow's heart to sing for joy.'"

Occupied with the care of her family and the entertaining of a large circle of friends to whom the house was ever open, she still laboured for the benefit of the poor around her; and with the assistance of one or two like-minded friends the Foster-street Ragged School was commenced. On her leaving London, the children of this school subscribed their *farthings* in order to present her with a bible. In later days she took a warm and active interest in the total abstinence cause. *The first* Band of Hope in London was formed at her house by her friend Thomas B. Smithies, and consisted of some of her own children with a few neighbours. During the dreadful calamity of famine in Ireland, she was most energetic in working *with others* for the relief of

those who were ready to perish ; when the Friends' Meeting Room at Devonshire House was turned into a warehouse for bales of goods, and her beloved brother William Bennett made a journey of six weeks to that unhappy country.

In the midst of these engagements as a devoted wife, true mother, and sympathizing friend, a storm of affliction was permitted which threatened to overwhelm her ; and yet, in after years, she was enabled to comfort another under like circumstances, and to direct an afflicted friend to the heavenly Pilot whose skill and power rules the storm ; and whose voice, when the raging waves beat against her own trembling bark, was heard to whisper, " It is I, be not afraid." In the year 1847, her dear husband, who was much and widely beloved, and who was rapidly rising into practice as a physician, was seized with a painful illness, which terminated his life in eleven days, at the age of nearly 43. Several of her children also became severely ill, and in less than two months from her husband's death, she was called to part from her youngest boy who was about five years old. In sending some particulars of his suffering end, and of her own anguish in witnessing his pain, she was enabled however to acknowledge the Lord's tender mercy "in calling

the little spirit away from all its bonds and fetters, into His presence where there is fulness of joy," and adds, "Dearest —, we have lost the music of his sweet prattle, and the pleasure of his innocent endearments; but let us rejoice in his unspeakable gain."

Towards the close of the same year, her youngest remaining son, a sweet boy of nine, was taken from her. At this sorrowful time also, she wrote to a beloved cousin some details of his illness as follows:—"On my alluding to the only ground of our hope at that awful period, he sweetly assented, saying 'Yes, we must look to Christ our Saviour, who died on the cross for our sins.' He then told me, that when he was in Wales, he dreamt that he saw his dear papa standing in the air, with dear little Henry Penrose (the baby brother of whom he had seldom heard) on one side of him, and Walter on the other. He had hold of each of their hands. They looked like angels with shining faces, and had long flowing robes of white; and he added, 'they looked *so happy*,' and seemed waiting for him. The precious child spoke with much feeling; his eyes filled with tears, and it was evident his dream had made a strong impression on his mind. He related it to me on the last day, perhaps the last hour, that I

believe he retained the mental power to do so distinctly ; and I received it as mercifully designed for my consolation, encouraging the fondly cherished hope of recognition in a future state.’’

In this season of deep extremity she was also mercifully supported. She writes, “I may thankfully acknowledge that something of an abiding hope and trust has been granted me, that it is the gracious design of Him, who in unerring wisdom saw meet suddenly to deprive us of our best earthly protector and friend,—to cause all the things that have happened, or may yet happen to us, to be overruled for our good.” In harmony with these feelings, we may here introduce the following lines, believed to be written by Dr. Bevan, which were in his pocket book, and about his person, when his illness commenced.

With dark foreboding thoughts oppress,  
I wandered forth one summer day,  
Hoping abroad to ease my breast,  
And grief allay.

Deep in a lone and green retreat,  
I laid me down with many a sigh,  
When lo, a daisy at my feet  
Allured my eye.

Methought with sympathetic smile  
It seemed to pity and reprove,

And thus my bitter care beguile

With words of love :—

“ Sad mortal, cease these anxious sighs ;

Why sit alone in sorrow here ?

Does not each leaf that meets thine eyes

Reprove thy fear ?

“ Altho’ a mean unheeded flower,

My daily wants are all supplied :

And He, who brought me to this hour,

Will still provide.

“ The light and dew, the sun and rain,

Are hourly sent to foster me ;—

And fearest thou God will not deign

To think on thee ? ”

Ashamed I rose, rebuked my care,

And blessed the teacher of the sod ;

Resolved to chase away despair,

And trust in God.

With generous unselfishness H. M. B. gave up housekeeping for a time for the sake of the education of her younger children.

It was about this time that she penned the reflections already quoted in reference to her earlier sorrow in the death of her parents, and her brother Samuel Bevan ; and glancing at the intervening years, she adds, “ since that memor-

able period I have gone on, often halting, oft-times stumbling, yet never losing sight of, or feeling my access cut off from, that fountain which is set open for sin and uncleanness. Encompassed with infirmities of flesh and of spirit, I can still I trust 'cry Abba, Father, and call Jesus, Lord.' Since then I have had a precious, an invaluable husband, given and taken from me. I have had to rejoice over the birth of six sons and one daughter, and have wept over three of the former taken from my longing eyes. Now I am a lonely widow,—but am I left unhelped or comfortless in my desolation? Ah, no! I trust I have found Him of whom Moses and the prophets did write, and He is to me 'the chiefest of ten thousand, and altogether lovely.' To him and to His undivided service do I desire, though in very weakness, to dedicate the residue of my days."

Before leaving London she had assisted in the formation of a First-day School in Quaker-street, Spitalfields, now merged in the Bedford Institute; and had diligently taught there. She had also, in connection with her friend John Pryor and her brother William Bennett, aided in the commencement of *The Friends' Institute*, which had its first quarters at White Hart Court,

Gracechurch-street. Indeed her interest in the welfare of young men separated from their homes was deep and strong; and she always took an especial pleasure in inviting them to her house, and in cultivating their friendship and confidence.

Hannah M. Bevan ultimately settled at Darlington in 1852, where two of her sons were for a time residing; and there, loving and beloved by a large circle of friends, being permitted to share their joys and cares, and in many cases to cheer and help those who were in trial, she passed twelve years of much usefulness and cheerful enjoyment. Having reached this haven of rest after the storms of life had passed, she still sought to deny herself, and humbly to follow in the footsteps of Him who "went about doing good." The poor inmates of the Workhouse specially claimed her sympathy and received her frequent visits; and she would occasionally invite the children to her house for a treat. In 1859 she wrote, "I hope above all that we may partake with thankful hearts of that stream, which flows from the inexhaustible fountain of life, love and joy. I have never seen more clearly than of recent times the blessedness of being dead to the world, but alive in Christ. How does He give

His children the only true enjoyment of the life which now is, as well as to drink with joy of the well of salvation ! ”

Within three weeks of the beginning of her long illness, she wrote to a friend under religious discouragement: “ I have known what it is to believe in Jesus as the Saviour of men, and yet to doubt if He would be *my* Saviour ; but, thanks to His forbearing goodness, I have been shown *that even I have an interest* in His most precious blood, which can wash away my innumerable transgressions. And so, what right have we to dwell on our past sins, if our Lord takes them away, and our Heavenly Father has granted us forgiveness for His sake ? It is the accuser, the cruel enemy, who would keep us in the mire of despondency. In our Saviour is *Light*, and *Life*, and *Hope*. Let us not spend any of our little remaining strength in unavailing regret for the irrecoverable past. Let us be satisfied, thankful, nay joyful for a grain of living faith, that we shall, at the end of our days, stand as sinners saved by grace,—brands plucked from the burning,—monuments of divine mercy.”

It was in the Sixth month of 1864, Hannah M. Bevan was seized with an attack of paralysis, from which neither mind nor body ever fully

recovered, and she was soon after removed to the neighbourhood of London. She gradually lost her mental powers, and although kept in much patience, she keenly felt her altered state. Her great consolation was the thought which she often expressed, in the words—"it can't be long!" And when the powers of speech had nearly failed, she would take in her hand the little Bible that had belonged to her dear child who died, with his own handwriting in it, and would point upwards to show how she longed for the reunion with the beloved departed ones. Although her own deep humility had sometimes prevented her, in past days, from speaking of the future with a very full assurance, doubts and fears had now for ever fled. But it was the Lord's will that life should linger on for ten long years; during the latter part of which, the tenderest care of an affectionate son and his wife could do but little to mitigate the distress of her condition. On the 8th of Eleventh month, 1874, she was graciously permitted to resign the worn-out earthly frame; and to join, as we rejoicingly believe, the company of those who "have come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

She died at Penge; and her remains were

laid near her beloved ones and a little namesake grandchild gathered in the bud,—in the place, of which she wrote in 1852, “no resting spot on earth seems so sweet as that at Winchmore Hill! where my husband, my Joseph, my Walter lie; and where there is room for me also. Whether it may be soon, or at a more distant period, that *that* grave may be opened to receive me, I know that my only hope, my only plea will be—

‘Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in Thee.  
 Nothing in my hand I bring,  
 Simply to Thy cross I cling;  
 Naked, come to Thee for dress,  
 Helpless, look to Thee for grace;  
 Foul, I to the fountain fly,—  
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die.’”

HUBERT GRAY BEVAN, 8 mos. 21 8 mo. 1874

CHARLES ERNEST BEVAN, 4 yrs. 19 8 mo. 1875

Children of Robert Eaton and Charlotte Bevan,  
*Highgate.*

THOMAS BEWLEY, 65 5 4 mo. 1875

*Rockville, Blackrock, near Dublin.* An Elder.

ELIZA LUCY BIRKBECK, 74 7 12 mo. 1874

*Keswick, near Norwich.* Widow of Henry Birkbeck.

LEONARD B. BLAKEY, 4 $\frac{1}{4}$  12 12 mo. 1874  
*Halifax.* Son of George Joshua and Louisa  
Jane Blakey.

JOHANNA BLOORE, 78 14 7 mo. 1875  
*Brushfield, near Bakewell.* Widow of James  
Bloore.

WALTER BOBBETT, 26 22 12 mo. 1874  
*Bristol.* Son of John W. and Frances Bobbett.

RICHARD BRADLEY, 85 7 9 mo. 1875  
*Edgend, near Burnley.*

ELIZABETH BRADY, 71 22 5 mo. 1874  
*Edgbaston, Birmingham.* (Name reported  
last year.)

The great interest which for many years this dear friend took in the perusal of the *Annual Monitor*, seems to make it pleasant that it should contain some memorial of her. She was born at Islington, and was the second daughter of Jacob and Elizabeth Hutchinson, who afterwards removed to Norwich. She was a particularly lively, engaging child, very warmly attached to the home circle, and though early leaving it, her loving, dutiful care for her parents continued as long as they lived; and to the last she felt a deep interest in all her numerous relations, keeping up more or less of a correspondence with most of them. She was sent to Islington School at the

age of eight, and was connected with that Institution (afterwards removed to Croydon) for nearly the whole of twenty-nine years; successively filling the positions of scholar, apprentice, teacher, and governess. In 1828 she married Edward Foster Brady, the Head Master, and in 1832 was united with him in the superintendence. After his death in 1838, Elizabeth Brady continued for four years at the head of the Establishment.

In 1842 she became Superintendent of the York Girls' School, but her health failing she left in 1846; and two years afterwards established a private school for the daughters of Friends at Edgbaston, Birmingham; which she continued satisfactorily to conduct till within five years of her death, a period of twenty-one years.

Early left a widow, in very delicate health, with three young children, and feeling overwhelmed by the loss of her beloved partner, there seemed little probability at that time that her life would be much prolonged, still less that there was a long course of usefulness yet before her. But her Heavenly Father apparently had much work for her to do; and her great natural energy and perseverance enabled her to surmount much bodily weakness; and, combined with great powers of methodical arrangement, to accomplish an

amount of work that would have astonished many less executive people. The hidden precept of her life seemed to be "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord:"—and whilst diligently pursuing her own calling, and neglecting none of her home duties, she found time for active and co-operative sympathy with many philanthropic movements. The Anti-Slavery Cause, the Peace Society, and Dorcas Meetings elicited her warm support; and she was successful in instilling a like interest into the minds of many of her pupils.

She was very solicitous for the best welfare of her scholars, and always conducted the principal part of the Scripture teaching herself. The love for her testified by them was great. After her death, many wrote to say how they too shared in the words of one of the texts chosen for the memorial card: "Her children shall arise, and call her blessed." She was a most tender loving mother, and warmly entered into the pleasures, and sympathized with the joys and sorrows, of the young people by whom she was surrounded.

Her attachment to the principles of the Society of Friends was deep and sincere; and though she made great allowance for conscientious differences of opinion, her own conviction as to the correctness of not only the fundamental prin-

ciples, but also the minor tenets of the Society, remained unshaken to the end. As long as health permitted she was a diligent attender of meetings for worship and discipline, both of which she greatly valued; and looked forward with much pleasure to being able to devote more time to the performance of duties connected with the Society. This however was not to be; for her health failed almost immediately after relinquishing the school; and, though much disappointed at not being able to work for her Lord as she had hoped, she sweetly acquiesced in the feeling that He knew what was best for her. For the last five years of her life she was a great invalid, apparently only kept alive by constant care and attention. She was however favoured to retain all her powers of mind in unimpaired brightness, was constantly employed in working, writing or reading, and, as her earthly tabernacle was gradually more and more shaken, the "peace of God which passeth all understanding" shone out more and more from her serene, often beaming countenance.

The winters of 1870 and 1871 were passed by her at Torquay, where she greatly enjoyed the beautiful scenery and the pleasant society of Friends. She could not however bring her mind to live there entirely, because she would in that

case forego the society of her married daughter and grandchildren, and of a much loved sister residing near her. Notwithstanding her great weakness, and often-times suffering, the last few years of her life were favoured to be very happy ones. The Saviour whom she had known and loved from early youth, did not forsake her in her time of need; she trusted to His merits alone for salvation, and was enabled from time to time to "cast all her care upon Him." Her love for flowers, and her appreciation of all the other beauties of nature, as proofs of a loving Father's care and goodness, were to the last never failing sources of pleasure. Though so long declining her end was rather sudden. She appeared to be nicely recovering from an attack of inflammation of the lungs, when east winds set in, and, without apparent increase of illness, her bodily powers failed, and on the morning of the 22nd of Fifth month, 1874, she very gently passed away to her everlasting home. She had known she was going from the morning of the day before; and though scarcely able from slight paralysis to speak, she bid a most loving farewell to her children; and her radiantly happy face showed that death had no sting for her, that the "dark valley" she had rather feared had no terrors as she was passing

through it. The smile left upon her serene countenance was so lovely, that her little grandson was greatly struck by the thought "how happy grandma's spirit must have been, just as it was going to heaven!"

JOSHUA BRADY, 67 10 11 mo. 1874

*Pontefract.* He was a younger brother of Henry Brady of Ackworth, who died in 1828.

JANE BRADY, 36 8 12 mo. 1874

*Jarrow on Tyne.* Wife of Thomas Brady.

CHARLES BRAGG, 73 17 10 mo. 1874

*Lintz Green, County Durham.* An Elder.

REBECCA BRIDGEMAN, 76 10 8 mo. 1875

*Stratford, near London.*

JANE BROADHEAD, 69 14 11 mo. 1874

*New Mill, near Huddersfield.*

JANE BROCKBANK, 48 21 7 mo. 1875

*Heathfield, Wigton in Cumberland.* Daughter of the late Thomas Brockbank.

SARAH BROOK, 80 24 10 mo. 1874

*Todmorden.* Widow of Uriah Brook.

MARY ISABELLA BROOK, 36 5 8 mo. 1875

*Bradford.* Daughter of Ann and the late Uriah Brook.

ELIZABETH BROWN, 76 17 2 mo. 1875

*Leiston in Suffolk.* Wife of Robert Brown.

JOHN BROWN, 78 24 4 mo. 1875

*Newcastle-on-Tyne.*

LUCY LYDIA BROWN, 14 5 7 mo. 1875

*Halstead.* Daughter of W. E. and A. T. Brown.

JANE BUCKMASTER, 56 6 11 mo. 1874

MARY ANN BUCKMASTER, 69 10 3 mo. 1875

*Both of Woodbridge in Suffolk.*

THOMAS BURGESS, 75 9 10 mo. 1874

*Wigston Grange, near Leicester.* An Elder.

LUCRETIA CADBURY, 68 9 6 mo. 1875

*Grimsbury, Banbury.* Wife of James Cadbury, and a sister of the late Joseph Sturge of Birmingham.

Her removal was after a short illness, on returning home from attending the last week of London Yearly Meeting with her husband. Those who knew her best can testify to her gentleness and simplicity of life, and her sympathy with the poor, and the afflicted of every class. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth,—yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours;—and their works do follow them."—Rev. xiv. 13.

DODGSON CARR, 3 22 12 mo. 1874

WILFRED CARR, 6 8 1 mo. 1875

*Silloth Farm, Cumberland.* Children of George T. and Mary Carr.

- MARY CARTER, 62 11 4 mo. 1875  
*Preston.* Wife of Thomas Carter.
- JOHN CARTER, 17 21 4 mo. 1875  
*Preston.* Son of the above, died at Lancaster.
- ALFRED CARVER, 47 10 8 mo. 1874  
*Sale, near Manchester.* Died at Sandymount,  
 near Dublin.
- WILLIAM CASTERDINE, 48 24 12 mo. 1874  
*Southport.*
- MARY CATLIN, 85 8 6 mo. 1875  
*York :* formerly of Lynn.
- JOHN CHANDLEE, 46 28 7 mo. 1875  
*Baltinglass.*
- HARRIET CHANTRY, 58 6 12 mo. 1874  
*Spalding.*
- JOHN FELL CHRISTY, 14 3 5 mo. 1875  
*Chelmsford.* The eldest child of Fell and  
 Esther Christy.

This dear child always found so much pleasure and encouragement from reading in the *Annual Monitor*, that it is thought a few particulars of his short life may be interesting to some of his own age; and that they may be strengthened and stimulated by reading of his love to his Heavenly Father, and of his constant endeavours to walk in His fear.

Johnnie was always loving and dutiful to his

parents, very thoughtful in trying to please others, and fearful of grieving any one. From a very early age, he possessed a great and constant faith in his Heavenly Father's protecting care. He believed fully in the efficacy and *power of prayer*; and whenever any little difficulty arose either in work or playtime, his habit was to take the matter to God, and cheerfully rely on His answer. As an instance of this,—in his seventh year he attended a day school, and some rude boys often teased him on his way by throwing stones, and using vulgar expressions. He was so grieved, that he made it a subject of prayer that they might not do so again; and on his return that evening he told his mother, that he was quite sure God answered prayer, for there were none of those rude boys about that day. At another time, when his father had just left home for Ireland, he saw his mother much depressed; and coming to her said, "Dear mamma! don't grieve; I am quite sure papa will be brought back to us again, *because* I have asked God to bring him; so you need not think *anything* more about it, for he is sure to come home safely." Many other instances could be brought forward, to show that he habitually made mention of his need to his Father in heaven.

And he always acquiesced in the answer which he believed he received, even if it were not in the exact way he asked for; feeling assured that the will of God was *best* for him,—and any concerns he was interested in, even such small things as the difficulties of a hard lesson or sum, were not thought too insignificant to ask for help to overcome. But it must not be supposed that the dear child had no sense of sin, or struggles to maintain the right path; for he often expressed his sorrow, that when he would do good, evil was present with him. When twelve years old, Johnnie was sent to Croydon School with two of his sisters, and it was very touching to notice how thoughtful and kind he was to them. His teachers and companions were soon conscious that his endeavours to live rightly possessed a decided influence over many of them; and he became greatly endeared to those who came in his way. His serious talks with some of his schoolfellows have been mentioned by them since his death, as having had a great effect upon them. One of the boys speaks especially of the last conversation he had with John, when he said, “I feel sure I am going to die, and I feel so naughty;”—and then they talked it over, as they were in the habit of doing, after which they prayed and went to sleep.

Very often Johnnie used to ask his friend, if he had noticed his doing anything during the day that was not right ; and if so, they talked it over, and he was careful not to do it again.

John Fell Christy had been at Croydon two years, when the death of one of the teachers, Louisa Cruikshank, (whose good influence had been much felt in the school) took place after a short illness. At her funeral, Ann F. Fowler spoke particularly to the children ; telling them to ask themselves the question, whether they were prepared to go if they were called *next* ; and that night John told one of his schoolfellows, that he felt as though he should be *the next*.

A few days after, having been attacked by fever, it was thought best to send him home at once, which was a great relief to him. The next morning, when his mamma went into his room, he said, " Oh, mamma ; *how good God is !* for we could not have *one thing* without His goodness, not even to be brought home as I have been ;—and especially in giving me such nice, kind parents." His mother replied, " Yes dear, and most of all, He gave His own dear Son to die for us, and that is more than all." He answered, " Yes, mamma dear ! He did." Johnnie then said, " Wasn't Louisa Cruickshank's death very

sudden? She was only ill a fortnight;—we were all so sorry.” His mother replied, “I have no doubt, dear, that it was in God’s own wise ordering for the good of those who were left;” when he answered, “Yes, I am sure of that, mamma; for it has made me *very thoughtful*. We had such a *nice* meeting at her funeral. A friend said, ‘We cannot tell who may be the *next* ;’ and I thought I should, mamma.” The next day his mother had been reading to him, when after lying still awhile, he sweetly looked up and said, “Jesus has crossed out all my sins, mamma, I am sure of it—every one—but the worst is, I add more so soon;—but I go to Him daily and nightly, and He crosses them all out. I can see Him cross them all out, mamma.” Another day when kissing his mother he said, “You are such a dear mamma.” She replied, “Yes, dear, but Jesus is better;” when he brightly answered, “*Yes, ten times!*”

After telling the nurse one day that if he got well he was going to Walton, she said to him, “I think, dear, you are going to heaven;—because you know you don’t get much better.” Dear Johnnie cheerfully replied, “I hope so, nurse;—and I hope papa and mamma, and my brothers and sisters, and all my friends and relations, and all, and *all* may come too.”

One afternoon Johnnie said, "I think I am a little better to-day:" but raising his eyes he continued, "Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven." At night he said, "Now I should like to settle to bed very early. Please nurse, put the light down,—and mamma, lie down on the sofa." Then as if thinking himself alone, and as was his usual practice, he folded his hands, and offered an earnest prayer; asking Jesus to cross out all the sins he had committed *since he asked Him last*, and much more that could not be understood; although it could be heard that he was praying for his parents, and brothers and sisters. His resignation and thankfulness during his illness were extreme. He was constantly fearful of grieving his Heavenly Father, and was only sorry to give (as he thought) so much trouble to others; asking to be told if he ever omitted to say "please" or "thank you," which however he never forgot to say. At the end of three weeks the disease seemed to be overcome, and the doctors gave a little hope of recovery. His father said to him, "I think, dear, it may please God to spare you to us." Johnnie answered, "I think not papa, but His will be done." The next day serious symptoms set in, when it soon became evident that the patient sufferer would not be long with us.

In the early morning of the last day of his life, he sent for his mother, who had just left his room; exclaiming, "Oh mamma! my pain is so bad, I don't know what to do." She told him she would take it all from him if she could; but she could only pray for him, that it might please God to remove it, or if not, to enable him to bear it. He begged her to kneel down then, and afterwards repeated the prayer, and looked calmed and quieter. His sufferings that day were very great, and he more than once petitioned for help to bear them. He also told his parents how much he prayed for them, and asked them not to grieve.

Thinking that he did not quite realize that his end was so near, his mother said to him that evening, "My dear boy, you will soon be 'Safe in the arms of Jesus,'" when he enquired "Am I going to-night, mamma?" "Yes, darling, we think so."—"Oh, I did not think it would be quite so soon." When told that being in heaven would be far better than being in pain here, he said—"Oh yes! I *know that*, but I did not think it would be *quite* so soon." After nurse had repeated part of the 23rd Psalm to him, and the hymn—

"Jesus can make a dying bed  
Seem soft as downy pillows are,"

he said, "Thank you, nurse; now I should like to be quite alone a little while"—and was apparently in earnest prayer. After that, his death seemed no more a surprise or trouble to him. During the last few hours of his life, his brain was so much affected, that only gleams of consciousness were visible; but all the time his happy faith and trust in his Heavenly Father were apparent. He suffered much; and when the night seemed long to him, he spoke of wishing Jesus would come quickly, adding "My mamma *did* say it would be to-night." He afterwards said, "Good bye! I think I am going now,—oh! I can see God! He is holding out His arms to receive me. I hope I am going to Him, to be one of His redeemed children, to help to do His work there." And we may believe that when the close came in the early morning, this dear child was taken to be for ever with the Lord, whom he had loved and trusted in, during his short life on earth.

JOHN FOSTER CLAPHAM,            55   28   8 mo. 1875

*Darlington.*

MARIA CLAYTON, *Dunmow.*    74   1   5 mo. 1875

CHARLOTTE CLIBBORN, *Moate.* 66 13   3 mo. 1875

HENRY CLOTHIER,                39 27   5 mo. 1875

*Street in Somersetshire. Died at York.*

JOHN TEASDALE COLLINSON, 67 10 6 mo. 1875  
*Kendal.*

SOPHIA CONING, 69 7 7 mo. 1875  
*Dunston, Gateshead.* Wife of George Coning.

ROBERT COOKE, 52 21 7 mo. 1875  
*Liscard, Cheshire.*

MARTHA COOPER, 76 11 3 mo. 1875  
*Ipswich.* Late of Pontefract.

MARY ANN COOPER, 34 9 9 mo. 1875  
*Huddersfield.* Wife of Joseph H. Cooper.

ANN CORK, *Stanstead.* 65 23 4 mo. 1875

MARY ANN COWEN, 64 19 12 mo. 1874  
*Newcastle-on-Tyne.* Wife of William Cowen.

JOHN COWGILL, *Settle.* 71 12 4 mo. 1875

A Minister. He was extensively engaged, in the exercise of his ministry, in visiting many rural districts, especially in the North of England, and while on this service was seized with paralysis at Pontefract, by which he was laid aside for the rest of his life.

RALPH CALDWELL CRAFTON, 79 28 5 mo. 1875  
*Croydon.*

PHOEBE CROFTS, 77 31 12 mo. 1874  
*Sutton in Ashfield.* Widow of Henry Crofts.

LOUISA CRUICKSHANK, 22 6 4 mo. 1875  
*Glasgow.* Died at Croydon.

LUCY CRUICKSHANK, 65 10 10 mo. 1875  
*Newington, Edinburgh.*

SARAH CURRY,	72	3	5 mo.	1875
<i>Upper Easton, Bristol. Wife of Josiah Curry.</i>				
JAMES DALE,	77	30	8 mo.	1875
<i>Cootehill, Ireland.</i>				
WILLIAM DALTON,	49	6	10 mo.	1874
<i>Nenthead, near Alston, Northumberland.</i>				
ISAAC DICKENSON,	78	29	7 mo.	1875
<i>Whitehaven.</i>				
THOMAS DODSON,	86	23	4 mo.	1875
<i>Richmond in Surrey.</i>				
JOHN DODSHON,	64	20	2 mo.	1875
<i>Stockton-on-Tees. A Minister.</i>				

A Friend so generally known and beloved, more particularly within the bounds of Durham Quarterly Meeting, and whose example as a Minister of the Gospel, as a man of business, and as a philanthropist, as well as in the narrower circle of home life, teaches a lesson of much instruction to survivors,—may well claim a few pages in this volume.

He was born at Darlington in 1811, and was the youngest son of John and Mary Dodshon. They were not members of the Society of Friends, but had considerable association with it: and the subject of this memoir was educated at a Friends' School, at Earls Colne in Essex; where probably some seeds were sown in his mind, which in after

life sprang up and brought forth fruit to the praise of his Divine Master. Among his memoranda in after years we find the following acknowledgment: "I can for one bear testimony to the real and effectual working of the Holy Spirit upon the minds of young children: for on looking back at some of the earliest days of my life, I well remember how at times the Lord was pleased to tender and humble my heart before Him, awakening earnest desires after a life of holiness. On one occasion whilst at school, I call to mind how, by the immediate operation of His Spirit, He was pleased to show me the *awful consequences* of a life of sin and transgression;—inspiring me with a dread of offending Him, so that for a time it wrought in me great carefulness, great fear, yea, even the most vehement desire to be altogether a child of God."

He was apprenticed to a chemist and druggist at Stockport, subsequently went to Southampton, and soon after attaining his majority commenced business in Sunderland with his brother Edward. During these years however, he does not seem to have given much indication of his future course of self-denial and devotion to Christ; but indulged to some extent in the pleasures and gaieties of the world.

In 1838, he married Elizabeth Ianson of Sunderland, a union which was crowned with mutual blessing and comfort for thirty-seven years:—not however without its trials, for out of a family of five sons and six daughters, only one daughter and three sons remain. In the year of his marriage, he removed to Stockton-on-Tees, and established himself in a business of his own, which he conducted, with slight intermission, for twenty-eight years. He then retired from all active participation in mercantile matters; desiring to devote the remainder of his days more fully to religious and philanthropic concerns. Whilst mixing in the busy world of commerce with worldly men, he always maintained his character as a Friend. Strict integrity marked all his dealings. He did not allow worldly matters or money-making to interfere with his religious duties; and many were the sacrifices of time and money which he made, notwithstanding the pressing claims of an increasing family. And truly he had his reward: for during the last few years of his life, he had no anxieties in reference to “providing things honest in the sight of all men.”

His first application for membership among Friends in 1836 was not acceded to, owing to a

slight want of unity with the Society on some points not doctrinal. This obstacle was however ere long removed, and he was received as a member in 1840: and in about two years afterwards came forth in the ministry. The occurrence of several sudden deaths among Friends, and a social visit from the late John Hodgkin, seem to have deeply impressed him about this time. Great humility and a painful sense of unfitness for this new call of duty took possession of his mind; but he was enabled through Divine grace to go forward, and make any sacrifice it involved. Perhaps the most trying for a young and susceptible man, was that of adopting the Friends' plainness of dress. The following extract from a letter to his wife, dated Eighth month, 1842, will describe his feelings on the ministry at this crisis:—

“ Why one so miserably unfit and unworthy as myself should be thus called upon, I know not and cannot comprehend. But all my *reasonings* on the subject seem of little use: and I believe there is nothing for me, but to seek for strength from the only source whence it can be derived, to follow on humbly and reverently in the path that seems cast up for me to walk in; striving ever to remember that we have before us

an eternity of happiness or misery,—and what are the few trials and difficulties we meet with here, in comparison with it? Nearly the last words John Pease said to me at Ayton on parting were, ‘Be not dismayed at their faces, lest I confound thee before them;’ and yet *I am dismayed* at the faces of my fellow-men. I seem to feel more than ever the difficulty of standing before them. I find it hard work sometimes, to keep from thinking that I am tempted beyond what I can bear: and yet perhaps it may be for the furtherance of the inscrutable designs of the Almighty concerning me.”

He was recorded as a Minister in 1845: and though his services for a time were confined to his own Quarterly Meeting, he was eventually led forth to visit Cumberland, Lancashire and Cheshire. He often held meetings with those who rarely went to any place of worship, at other times with the young, and once was concerned to find out those who had been educated at Ayton, having interviews alone, or in companies, with 120 individuals of this class. In 1870 he was on the Yearly Meeting’s Special Committee for rendering assistance to Friends in Lancashire and Cheshire Quarterly Meeting, and in 1874 his last service from home was in joining the Yearly

Meeting's Sub-committee of Visitation in Bristol and Somerset.

He had great fluency and earnestness in his public ministrations, combined with simplicity. His sermons were not learned dissertations on abstruse questions, but were heart-reaching and soul-stirring; addressing himself more to the feelings than to the reasoning faculty, holding up Jesus Christ, and pleading for a faithful dedication of the whole heart to Him. In prayer, he spoke with solemnity and power.

A true Christian is especially qualified to be a good citizen; and our dear friend was useful and honoured in this respect in the town of his adoption. He came to it as a stranger in 1838, but on his death, in 1875, it was written of him, "we do not think anyone will deny that Stockton has lost her best and most respected inhabitant." Not that he was loaded with civic honours, or clothed with municipal authority, but that his daily course in life was marked by quiet, unobtrusive, Christian earnestness and consistency, ready to assist in every good work for the welfare of others, generous to the poor, supporting their education in ragged schools, and promoting other benevolent societies; but *especially* was he an ardent upholder of the cause of temperance. We

quote the testimony to our dear friend's character made by a minister of the Established Church, who says, "As a young man just entering upon ministerial life, I was led to appreciate his great worth, and to esteem him with an esteem which increasing years and fuller experience have only tended to deepen and strengthen." Alluding to their difference in religious profession, he adds, "We saw indeed truth from a different standpoint, and questions often arose during our intercourse on which in opinion we widely differed; but I do not remember ever to have taken leave of him without feeling the ripeness of his character, and almost envying the rare combination in him of Christian firmness and Christian moderation,—unswerving fidelity to the principles he held to be true, with a kindly readiness ever to appreciate and respect the position of those who conscientiously differed from him."

It is not with a desire to praise or glorify a mere mortal that we thus write, but we ascribe all the praise to Him whose grace alone made him what he was; and we think his course through life in that point of view offers a deeply instructive lesson to those who survive him: and if space permitted, we might add more that would be very interesting to our readers. It remains to speak of his last days.

For some years his strength had been failing, and he was unable to undertake long journeys without suffering. This physical weakness prevented his paying a religious visit to Friends in Ireland, which his nearest connexions are aware was his desire to accomplish, but which he felt it right reluctantly to forego. In times of suffering and loss of children, he was distinguished by submission and quiet serenity. Not long before his death, a friend who had herself passed through a deep bereavement wrote of him, "I trust I shall not soon forget the lesson taught me, by the expression of chastened cheerfulness which lit his countenance, when he like myself was under the weight of heavy sorrow."

In a very severe illness in 1853, when he had a near prospect of being soon cut off from his beloved wife and family, he states in one of his letters that he had a clear conviction given him, in answer to his prayers for restoration, that the Lord would add fifteen years to his life, as granted to Hezekiah. Under this conviction, he had come to look to 1868 as his last year on earth; but seven more were granted him,—when suddenly "the silver cord was loosed, and the golden bowl was broken." He was taken alarmingly ill after attending a monthly meeting at Stockton in the

Third month of 1875 : and although he rallied a little and was even thought to be convalescent, on the 20th he became suddenly worse, and ere many minutes had elapsed—without a struggle, and in peaceful unconsciousness of the mourners round his bed,—he breathed his last. No time for parting benedictions or fond farewells ! but

“ Silently as the daylight

Comes when the night is done,”

he passed from the night of death to the glorious dawn of an eternal day. During his brief illness, his chief anxiety was on behalf of the meeting where *he alone* had so long faithfully preached the glad tidings of the gospel ; and his earnest prayer was, that the Lord would lay His hand on some of the younger members of the flock, and bring them forth publicly to speak in His name.

SUSANNAH DOEG, 71 25 9 mo. 1875

*Carlisle.* Wife of William Doeg.

HENRY DOUBLEDAY, *Epping.* 66 29 6 mo. 1875

JANE DOYLE, 70 12 5 mo. 1875

*Sandford, Dublin.* An Elder. Widow of William Doyle.

SAMUEL SHELDON DUDLEY, 75 5 12 mo. 1874

*Roscrea.*

EDITH DYMOND, 75 5 1 mo. 1875

*West Field, Neath.* Widow of Henry Dymond.

SARAH DYMOND, 78 5 8 mo. 1875  
*Wilmslow*. An Elder. Widow of John Dymond  
of Exeter.

In contemplating the various ways by which it pleases our heavenly Father to lead His children through their earthly pilgrimage, enabling some of them to glorify Him in *suffering*, while others are more conspicuously engaged in *doing* His will,—it may be profitable to review the path of one whom He led aside from active pursuits, and appointed her portion of service, during the *latter half* of her long life, within the narrow limits of her home. During many years after the accident which withdrew her from active life, Sarah Dymond found an interesting and congenial occupation in keeping up a correspondence by letter with several beloved friends at a distance, as well as with absent members of her own family. She also kept a record of events passing around her, interspersed with notices of her own spiritual experiences; and it is chiefly from these productions of her pen that we shall attempt to present a slight sketch of her character.

Our dear friend was the daughter of John and Sarah Wilkey of Plymouth, and was born there on the 28th of Eleventh month, 1796.

Long afterwards she thus writes of her ear-

liest years: "I was a child of somewhat peculiar waywardness, and a certain nonchalance of disposition, and impatience of control, which made me fight my way through opposing difficulties, and led me to endeavour to establish my own prerogative as the claimant of priority, being the eldest of the family group, in the way best known to my infant mind." When she was about fifteen years of age, her honoured father was removed by death; relative to which she writes in continuation of her personal narrative: "For me, his eldest child, his parental feelings were those of some anxiety. Already he saw that the volatile buoyant spirit of his child, impatient of control and wayward, was likely to lead her into error; and with a wisdom which I now believe was from above, he seized a moment when we were alone together, and spoke to me of that inward monitor, the 'still, small voice' in the secret of the soul, which would (if sought unto) lead me into the paths of safety. It sunk deep into my heart, and has, from that day, been treasured as his precious legacy. The religious impressions which accompanied the afflictive and solemn duty of consigning the remains of this precious parent to the grave, were deep, but very comforting; and I still have a vivid recollection

of that Divine mercy which seemed to crown the widow and her fatherless children, as they listened to the ministry of Henry Hull of America, on the evening of the day of the funeral, and as he broke forth with the words, ‘ Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright ; for the end of that man is peace.’ ”

For six or seven years after the death of her father, Sarah Wilkey continued to reside with her mother, brothers, and sisters in their home at Compton, near Plymouth, then a rural village ; where, being the eldest, it fell upon her to take a prominent part in the family. In taking a review of the concluding part of this portion of her life, she says, “ There had been a growing seriousness ; and some vivid impressions of Divine providence and love had powerfully affected my heart ; and I had even made some small sacrifices to apprehended duty. A desire to be found in the way of true holiness had been begotten, and I had learnt in measure to commit my ways unto the Lord.”

In the 23rd year of her age she became the wife of John Dymond of Exeter. For many years after her marriage she does not appear to have kept any record of her life. Her history was that of many another young wife and mother ; whose time and strength were fully occupied with the

cares of a rapidly increasing family, added to the social claims of a large circle of endeared relatives. In uniting with persons of other religious denominations in philanthropic engagements, she maintained a care not to compromise her own religious views, while she rejoiced to unite with those who sincerely loved the Lord Jesus Christ, under whatever name. But it was in the affairs of the Society of Friends that her interests, outside her own family, centred; and she felt an earnest concern for the *maintenance of its discipline*, regarding it "as the means bestowed upon our Society by the Divine Hand, of preserving us from many of the evils of the world." And it was when setting off early on a frosty winter morning to attend a monthly meeting at a distance, that the accident occurred which put a sudden stop to all the active pursuits of such a busy life. In descending the steps at the front door, she sustained a severe fall, which laid the foundation of *disease of the spine*; and with the exception of a very few occasions, kept her a prisoner to the house during the remainder of her life.

In the early years of her disabled state, hopes were entertained of ultimate restoration, and it was long before the conviction became settled on her mind, that the prospect of further active em-

ployment must be relinquished. The inability to attend meetings for worship was felt to be one of her greatest privations ; and there were many special occasions, both of sorrow and joy in the family circle, when she keenly felt being unable to go to mingle with her friends. Yet no murmur is remembered to have been heard from her lips. On the contrary, she many times expressed the conviction that the chastening was needed, and that it was the kind discipline of her heavenly Father's hand.

While her beloved husband and children were thus deprived of her companionship outside their own home, they had the counter-balancing comfort of her constant presence *there* ; and her accustomed place in the family sitting-room was the centre of attraction, where all were sure of a loving welcome, and where many dear and valued friends came from time to time to cheer her with their company. Her naturally lively spirits, sanctified by the workings of Divine grace, enabled her for the most part to rise above the depressing influences of constant confinement within doors ; though the extreme sensitiveness of her nervous system, and great physical weakness and suffering, did sometimes occasion a depressed view of things, extending in some measure to her

religious feelings. Yet in her life of seclusion she learned lessons of deep and precious experience, and it may be truly said concerning her, that she was "taught of God." In selecting a few extracts from her private memoranda, it is with the desire that they may tend to the help and encouragement of some other Christian traveller; whether the path may be in seclusion as hers was, or in more active service under the one blessed Lord and Leader.

1844, Third month, 13th. "I feel my mind much affected this morning, in reflecting upon my present position among my dearly beloved children; and comparing it with that which in time of health I was wont to anticipate. How little have my expectations been realized! Precluded by bodily weakness from associating with them in the active and pleasurable pursuits of life, which I had fondly imagined would follow the toil and care of watching them through the helpless days of infancy and childhood,—I seem now only to have to help them by my counsel, to cheer and comfort them by my love, and to desire for them with ardent longings of soul, their preservation from the evils of the world."

1846, Second month, 1st. "This day is the fifth anniversary of the accident which has re-

sulted in my long course of bodily weakness. My mind has been drawn into a serious contemplation of the vicissitudes which have fallen to my experience during that period ; and in taking my Bible, I was attracted to the 24th and 25th chapters of Isaiah. The first, in looking back, aptly portrays some of the deep exercises of spirit through which I have been brought ; and to the praise of my adorable Helper, I may avail myself of the last, as describing the acknowledgments of my heart in the remembrance of all His mercies : ‘ For thou hast been a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat, when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall.’ ”

Eight month, 9th. “ The parting with a valued servant, and many household affairs requiring inspection ; the discovery of an equivocating, untruthful disposition in a new servant ; her dismissal, and the engaging of another,—are matters which are important both as it regards the individuals themselves, and the welfare and right ordering of our household, and have occasioned me much concern and some anxiety. But I have felt an earnestness of desire, that I may witness a being guided aright *in these things*.

I feel that much devolves upon the mistress of a family, especially in that character which it is my utmost desire to maintain, that of being formed and regulated according to the Christian standard; and my spirit does at this time seek ability to act up to it, so far as it may be revealed to me."

1847, Eleventh month, 28th. "This day I attain the age of fifty-one years; and I desire reverently to commemorate the Lord's goodness in having prolonged my life until this day,—especially in having anointed my eyes to behold the excellency of His chastening providence towards me, and in calling me through suffering to seek a dwelling near to the Shepherd's tent, where I might be comforted and refreshed with His good presence. And truly, in the midst of varied trials and conflicts, He has given me to partake of His love and tender compassion, yea 'to sit down under His shadow with great delight, and His fruit was sweet to my taste.' And notwithstanding there are times in which my gracious Lord seems for a season to hide Himself from my view, and my soul is wearied with waiting, and my heart is faint,—yet does He return with healing in His wings. To the praise of His matchless and condescending mercy be it recorded; for as

for me, I am nothing but emptiness, weakness, and infirmity—a poor worm before Him.”

1851, Second month, 1st. “My mind, in the midst of recent afflictions, has taken a solemn retrospect of all the way that I have come in my spiritual journey *during these ten years*. And I see in the light, of which Christ my Saviour is the ever living fountain, that all my sufferings and sorrows (of whatever nature they have been) have been marked by His all-seeing eye, as one with the Father Eternal, Invisible, Omnipotent; and that in and through all He has, in His condescending goodness, vouchsafed to conduct my feeble footsteps thus far, to forgive if I have erred through the ignorance of my mind, and to raise me up if I have slipped. To Him my eye is lifted up amidst my present conflicts, on Him I strive to wait continually, and in Him is my hope, both for time and eternity: feeling that I have not anything in myself that can bear me above the trials and sufferings of this life, and knowing of a truth that in His sacrifice for sin is my only hope of salvation; wherein I have good hope, through faith in His name, notwithstanding that blushing and confusion of face alone belongeth unto me, and I am as nothing before Him. To God, the Father Almighty, and to His Son

Christ Jesus, who through the Eternal Spirit offered Himself without spot to God for our sakes, who were dead in trespasses and sins, be high praises and adoration for ever and ever!"

For a considerable time it was impressed upon our dear friend's mind, that it would be required of her by her Lord to bear a public testimony to His name, as a minister of the gospel; and while reverently submitting to those spiritual exercises which she apprehended were designed to prepare her for that solemn work, she was careful to watch for any amelioration in her state of health, which might render it possible for her to leave her retirement and mingle with her friends. At intervals of a few years, the effect of change of air was tried in a few weeks' residence in the country or by the sea; but though there was a degree of mental refreshment from the effect of new scenes and surroundings, the spinal infirmity was aggravated by the exertion and fatigue of such removals. The almost paralyzing effect for the time of the motion of a carriage, however short the distance, quite precluded her attending any ordinary meeting for worship; but there were many opportunities at home, when among her family and friends, the gift of ministry, which had undoubtedly been bestowed, was exer-

cised. Her own experience in this engagement probably tended to enable her more fully to enter into sympathy with other ministers of the gospel, who from time to time sojourned under her roof; and it was her privilege to offer them words of encouragement, and to help them with her prayers. It was remarked by one of these visitors, that she thought our dear friend combined in a remarkable manner the gifts of ministry and Eldership. For a few of the later years of her residence at Exeter, she was nominated an Elder by her Monthly Meeting; and from that time the meetings of Ministers and Elders were frequently held in her sitting-room. She felt it a great privilege so to meet with her friends. Her own words may again best convey her feelings.

1856, Eleventh month, 9th. "Separated as I am from my friends on occasions of meetings for worship, the privilege is felt to be great, when opportunities occur for my participating with even a few in waiting upon the Lord; a fellowship and companionship in the solemn acts of worship being evidently the design of the Great Head of the Church for His people. Therefore while I feel inexpressibly the loss I sustain; in not being able to enjoy as others the privilege of public worship, I feel most anxious to encourage others

to uphold and maintain the apostolic injunction :  
‘ Not forsaking the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is.” Yet there is this testimony to be raised to the goodness of His grace ;—He does not leave the solitary ones who desire to worship Him in spirit and in truth, comfortless ;—but in His mercy doth at times refresh them with a living sense of His presence, guide them with His eye, and lead them in paths which they have not seen.”

1860, Sixth month, 24th. After recording the death of an aged uncle, she writes, “ Thus the last of that generation, of which my precious mother was the eldest member, is removed from earth : gathered together I trust, *a family complete* in those mansions in heaven which neither sin nor sorrow can invade. Oh, ineffable thought ! surely nothing less than the holiest of sacrifices, even the offering once made without the gates of Jerusalem, could be sufficient to purchase for us a blessedness so perfect, a redemption so complete.”

In the year 1861 Sarah Dymond was called to part with her beloved husband. For many years she had had to watch with intense anxiety the progress of a disease, which both knew must sooner or later prove fatal ; but *his* calm confiding trust and cheerful patience under suffering, were

a help and stay to *her*. With a reverent desire to be guided by the will of their heavenly Father, it was concluded that John Dymond should undertake a journey to Malvern, in the hope that a few weeks stay there might conduce to some renovation of his strength. The rapid increase of his disorder however soon rendered it evident that he would not be able to return to his home; and the only way for his beloved wife to be again with him, was for her to follow him to Malvern. It is needless to attempt any description of what it cost her in her weak and suffering state to undertake a long journey, but to use her own words, "in the time which I cannot doubt was the right time, the strong persuasion was given to my inmost ear, that the Lord my merciful Helper going with me, I should be brought thither in comfort and safety." And so it proved; she reached Malvern, and for about five weeks was permitted to soothe and cheer with her presence the bed of suffering, and at last to witness the peaceful departure of the redeemed spirit.\*

Three weeks afterwards, she thus pours forth the aspirations of her widowed heart. 1862, First month, 2nd. "Permit me, oh my heavenly

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\* For a memoir of John Dymond, see *Annual Monitor*, 1863.

Father, to address myself to Thee on the opening of another year. Be pleased to accept the thanksgiving and praises of my stricken heart, for all Thy merciful care and compassion towards me; not only in the days in which I have been sorely afflicted, but from my very infancy to this day. And especially, oh Lord! would I thank Thee for Thy loving-kindness in bringing me hither, to share in all Thy wondrous and most merciful dealings with my precious companion on his bed of sickness and death. By Thy goodness, and through the one sacrifice for sin once offered without the gates of Jerusalem, I reverently thank Thee, and bless Thy holy name, for giving me undoubtedly to believe, that Thou calledst him to his rest in Thy kingdom of peace and joy—to be with Thee where Thou art. And now, most merciful Father, I implore Thee to remember me *in my widowhood*. Cause, I humbly beseech Thee, the blessing of Thy holy spirit to be more and more showered upon my heart, giving me added wisdom and prudence, now that my most beloved and judicious earthly counsellor is removed from my side. And be Thou pleased to lead me safely along the remainder of my pilgrimage through the wilderness journey of life! Strengthen my faith,—giving me through every

dispensation of Thy unerring will to trust in Thee,—permitting me to feel that Thou art a God near at hand and not afar off, and that Thou art *love*. And, finally, through Thy mercy in Christ Jesus my Saviour, be Thou pleased in Thy own good time to take me also to Thyself where Thy glory dwelleth, and where, at Thy right hand, there are pleasures for evermore !”

The next extract was written at Wilmslow in Cheshire, where Sarah Dymond and her three unmarried daughters had taken up their residence, and where the *remaining thirteen years* of her life were spent. Only once in that time did she leave the house, for a visit of ten days to one of her married daughters who lived in the same neighbourhood.

1863, Eleventh month, 4th. “ My mind has been much refreshed and warmed within the last few days, in reading that portion of the Gospel of John, which narrates the conversations and counsels of our adorable Saviour with His disciples, when He was about to be taken from them in His outward appearance. First—‘ Let not your heart be troubled, &c.’ His promise of the mansions in His Father’s house, to those who believe in God and in His Son. His blessed promise of the Comforter, the Holy Ghost, whom the Father

would send ; and who should be their guide into all truth. Then His holy counsel to abide in Him the vine, in order that they might bring forth fruit to the praise of the Good Husbandman. His commandment that they should “love one another as He had loved them.” His counsel as to humility, and steadfastness ; the inexpressible tenderness of His forewarnings of trials and tribulation, which should follow His departure. And what adorable love to His poor disciples is conveyed in His prayer for them, as given in the 17th chapter ! ‘Glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders,’ may truly be said of Him whom they crucified—whom to know is life eternal ! ”

1864, Second month. After recovering from a severe inflammation of the lungs, in which it had seemed doubtful whether the final conflict might not be at hand, she writes, “Now for the first time I am able to record the unspeakable goodness of my God and Saviour during the time of my illness, and in my convalescent progress. A song of praise seemed to be continually in my heart, as I lay a helpless sufferer, whilst I enjoyed such absorbing views of the power and goodness of God in the face of Jesus Christ,—was given to behold the benignity of the heavenly

presence, when as Man He went about doing good,—and had such a sense of His working in us by the power of the Holy Spirit at this day—as I seemed to have no words to set forth; and yet I hope never to forget. It was as if the 23rd Psalm described the very atmosphere in which my soul breathed!”

1865, Second month, 1st. “The twenty-fourth anniversary of my accident. Very closely does the annual return of this date continue to affect my heart, as having been marked by a circumstance severe and lasting in its effects upon the physical part, yet salutary and beneficial to the mental frame. With how much greater clearness and force has my mind been made to drink into the things of the Spirit,—whether revealed in the deeps or in the heights; in the thick darkness of the natural will, and in the consciousness of sins besetting,—in the clear shining after rain, the holy light of my blessed Saviour’s heavenly presence in hours of bitter anguish and sorrow, or in times of chastened enjoyment and rejoicing;—than while I was permitted to walk abroad upon this pleasant earth, mingle in society, and avail myself of those numberless advantages which others feel needful for their welfare and happiness! My gracious God has cast up another, and

a narrower sphere for me ; and glorified be His great and excellent name ! in placing me in it He has been pleased to reveal His Son in me, and to teach me by the immediate influences of His holy Spirit ; humbling me to the very dust, and bringing me to the state of a little child before Him. Oh Lord, be Thou pleased to make me yet more humble and contrite before Thee. Create anew, I beseech Thee, in me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me. Lead me along from day to day in the way Thou wouldst have me to go, so that Thou, my Redeemer, art ever near to guide and help me.”

Another extract begins with the words—  
“ Thus ends the year 1867. In a feeling of sweet peace the lines feel applicable to my individual condition,

‘ A little longer in this vale of weeping,  
Of yearning for the sinless home above,—  
A little while of watching, and of keeping  
Our garments, by the power of Him we love !’

Yet I by no means wish to convey the idea that I am tired of life here upon earth. At the present time I feel thankful to be here with a better home in view. But I have a strong desire not to live to myself alone, but to be of some service to those around me, if the will of my blessed Lord

be so. If He will give me any thing to do for Him, I feel it a privilege to live."

1873, First month, 31st. "Having been confined to bed with illness for three weeks, my mind became earnest in the desire after that union with Christ, which constitutes the condition of being "complete in Him." I felt that I needed the full assurance of being so,—and I was as one drifted about and tossed on the billows. Under this distress of spirit I was favoured with access in prayer to the Author of all goodness and mercy, that I might know Him in whom I had believed to be *my* Saviour and Redeemer, *my* Lord, and *my* God:—and blessed be His name for ever, the answer came in these words;—"Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you." This answer to my prayer came with power, and as if intelligibly spoken to my outward ear; and immediately it clothed and quieted my troubled spirit. Unspeakably precious was this gracious token of divine regard, in the days and months that followed."

The concluding words of this sentence have reference to a time of close trial and double bereavement, first in the death of her beloved daughter Philippa, one of her home companions, and about eight months afterwards of her dear son George Dymond of Birmingham, both cut

down in the prime and vigour of their lives, after a short illness in each case. With regard to the first, which she writes of as a "sorrow too sacred to be expressed in words," she yet adds: "But magnified be the name of our Father in Heaven, I was in very truth made to partake, in those hours of trial, of that *peace* which my dear Saviour left with His disciples, and *at that remarkable time, gave unto me*; adored be His name! Contrary to our expectation the strong one was taken, and the aged feeble one was left. But who shall say to Him who doeth all things well, 'what doest Thou'? We would rather bow our heads and worship in humility and fear, trusting in the arm of the Lord." A few pages on, the journal again records—"our minds were wrapped in sorrow,—our dearly beloved George had sunk under the severe illness of just one week's duration. The loss of this dear son has been to me an almost overwhelming grief. Yet God, who remembereth mercy, has given me bodily strength to bear up under it."

But the bodily strength was gradually wearing away; and only a few pages remain of the neatly written journal from which so many extracts have been taken. The last subject referred to is thus introduced:—1874, Eleventh month, 4th. "In the present year I have had to

pass through another experience that has proved deeply exercising to my every feeling." This was the parting from her now only son, Joseph John Dymond, as one of the Deputation from the Yearly Meeting in London, to visit Friends in the Australian Colonies. In conclusion she writes, "For myself I could say, I was able to rejoice that it appeared to me to be the dear Master's bidding, that he should go forth for a time to that distant sphere of service." Thus was this evening sacrifice graciously accepted by Him who knew what the parting cost her, and who enabled them to take leave of each other "not only with calmness but joy, under the blessed sense of sustaining grace."

Though increasing weakness marked the months which followed, and one little occupation after another had to be laid aside, yet her mind continued clear and bright, and preserved in the same cheerful submission to suffering. She had long been one of those servants "who wait for their Lord, with the loins girded about, and the lights burning;" and though she desired to live to see her dear son again, it was coupled with the aspiration, "If not—Thy will be done!"\*

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\* J. J. Dymond did not return to England till more than a month after his mother's decease.

The summons came at last unexpectedly in spasm of the bronchial tubes; her gracious Saviour was still near to sustain her. "My peace flows as a river," she exclaimed with a beaming face; and seeing a kind attendant distressed at her sufferings, she said, "Dear E——, look above all these things; look up to Jesus." Among the passages of Scripture which were on her lips during the day, she repeated the verse, "O spare me that I may recover strength, before I go hence. and be no more," adding "it is not dying, it is *going hence*"—and so it seemed. About fifteen hours after the commencement of the attack, the spirit passed away in perfect quietness. "Going hence"—to be "absent from the body,—present with the Lord."

MARGARET ECROYD, 77 5 12 mo. 1874

*Carlisle.* Wife of James Ecroyd.

JOHN EDGAR, 71 17 11 mo. 1874

*Westbourne Park Terrace, Paddington.*

ELIZABETH ELLWOOD, 78 9 2 mo. 1875

*Sacriston, Northumberland.* Widow of Christopher Ellwood.

ANN ENOCK, 76 13 9 mo. 1875

*Sibford Gower.* Widow of Ezra Enock.

REBECCA EVES, 89 3 2 mo. 1874

*Douglas, Isle of Man.* Widow of Samuel Eves.

MARIA FAULDER,	73	30	6 mo.	1875
<i>Altringham.</i> Widow of John Faulder.				
THOMAS FAWKES, <i>Faringdon.</i>	73	6	2 mo.	1875
HANNAH FLETCHER,	56	30	5 mo.	1875
<i>Newcastle-upon-Tyne.</i>				
WILLIAM FLOUNDERS,	89	5	4 mo.	1875
<i>Great Ayton.</i> An Elder.				
THOMAS FOLLETT, <i>Cardiff.</i>	40	29	11 mo.	1874
JOHN FORD,	74	16	8 mo.	1875
<i>York.</i> A Minister.				

John Ford was born at Worcester in 1801. The family for several generations had been members of the Society of Friends. When little more than six years old, his home connexion was severed by his being sent to a boarding school near Banbury. Before he was nine years old, death deprived him of his mother, whom an apoplectic attack suddenly struck down. Removed to Ackworth School, he was associated with companions who became dear and cherished friends in his after life; amongst these may be named Thomas Pumphrey, Joseph Thorp and Samuel Priestman. On leaving Ackworth he was placed as pupil teacher in a private school at Rochester, kept by a Friend. Here as apprentice and assistant-master he remained about fourteen years. We have but little information

respecting his spiritual growth in his early years. Yet there is enough to show that his experience was that, which he often described as common in the Christian course,—“first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear.”

When about nineteen years old, he commenced keeping memoranda of ordinary occurrences, with occasional notices of his spiritual progress. This practice was continued with brief intervals till nearly the close of life. When, more than thirty years afterwards, he epitomized and then burned the early volumes of these memoranda, he writes thus of the first volume :—“In this journal I see no trace, or scarcely a trace, of religious feeling. There is one memorandum of thankfulness to God, after a day spent very pleasantly as I then deemed it. Happily not one record is associated with the smallest recollection of any vicious propensity or act. I feel grateful for this to-day, if I did not appreciate it then.”

He thus reviews the period when he was about twenty-four years old. He speaks of circumstances that “appear to have awakened serious thoughtfulness, and to have excited a renewed strife against evil—a strife which possibly might have been more successful had the Saviour and His love, and faith in Him, and

reference to Him, and prayer expressly offered in His name, been more frequent exercises of my own mind, and more frequent topics of the ministry. I trace much contrition of mind, much of prayerful exercise; and yet possibly a misconception of the mode by which peace of mind and a sense of reconciliation were to be attained,—perhaps something of a ‘going about to establish my own righteousness.’ And yet how gratefully, I think I can say, in reviewing these painful struggles, how gratefully now can I recognize the hand that led me through the wilderness, and that has kept me to this day!”

John Ford’s memoranda bear abundant witness to the struggle that was going on, and the contest that was maintained to overcome his natural besetments and infirmities. Of a highly nervous and impulsive temperament, and with bodily health not robust, it is not surprising that as he grew in grace his memoranda contain frequent records of loss of temper and irritability, along with earnest aspirations after meekness, gentleness and forbearance. Those who have been intimately associated with him over a long period of years can bear abundant testimony, how year after year the all powerful force of Divine grace softened down and mellowed his

character, and brought into subjection the hastiness and impulsiveness which were manifested at times in earlier and middle life.

In the year 1826 a circumstance occurred, which our dear friend always regarded as a marked point in his Christian course. He speaks of having had a prospect of a requiring of a very distressing and humiliating character. He had put it aside; till one day in meeting under the ministry of his beloved friend Thomas Pumphrey, his heart was made tender, and he was made willing to submit. He did what he believed was required of him, and enjoyed the unutterable blessing of "the peace of God which passeth all understanding." In allusion to this circumstance he wrote many years afterwards,—“It was the simple acknowledgment of a fault committed years ago. Humiliating as it was to an oversensitive nature, it was abundantly blessed. Few things have seemed hard since. It was in some degree taking upon me the yoke of Christ,—borne since that day sometimes restlessly and impatiently, but never I trust shaken off. More and more meekly, more and more willingly may I ever bear it.”

In the latter part of 1828, Yorkshire Quarterly Meeting established its Boys' School at York, and

John Ford was appointed Superintendent. He occupied this position thirty-seven years, retiring from it at the end of 1865. During this period 670 boys passed under his care. It is not our purpose here to dwell on many interesting circumstances in connexion with the school, nor yet on John Ford's characteristics as an educator. Any sketch of him however would be incomplete that failed to notice his intense delight in the society of the young, and his power of sympathy with them in their joys and trials. Few things gave him so much pleasure as ministering to their welfare and gratification.\*

An extract from his journal exhibits the ground of his Christian hope about this period, and on that ground—the rock Christ Jesus—he became more and more firmly established as life advanced. Under the date of Eighth month 27th, 1832, he writes,—“I became very unwell with choleritic symptoms. During this illness, knowing that the fatal cholera was in the city, I could not but look seriously towards a probable summons. I trust it was not insensible stupidity, nor yet the more fearful malady of a hard heart,

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\* An interesting article on this part of our Friend's career appears in the *Friends' Quarterly Examiner* of Tenth month, 1875.

that enabled me to contemplate a change without dismay. Death seemed fearful, but the gloom reached not beyond. I examined the ground of my hopes—it was *not* good works—nor full dedication of heart—nor yet careful obedience, nor yet sincere attempts and arduous struggles. It was a calm hope in redeeming love and mercy, not so much joyous as tranquil. I felt that I could quietly commend myself and the result to God. Though I often fall, sin is not my delight: it is my burden, my grief, my abhorrence. I long to serve Christ more ardently, more faithfully.”

In 1837 John Ford was united in marriage to Rachel Robson of Darlington. She was a true help-meet to him in every sense. Their union was terminated by her death in 1859. The repeated touching allusions to her in his journal down to the last, shew how deeply he felt her removal.\*

Our dear friend began to speak as a Minister in 1855, and was recorded by his Monthly Meeting four years afterwards. His communications were earnest, often brief, and delivered with much feeling. In the work of the ministry beyond his own Quarterly Meeting, he visited in company

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\* For account of Rachel Ford, see *Annual Monitor* for 1860, page 108.

with his cousin William Tanner the meetings of London and its neighbourhood, and those of Durham Quarterly Meeting. He also visited, along with Isaac Brown, the Friends' Schools in Ireland.

On withdrawing from his position of Superintendent of York School, John Ford found abundant occupation for his increased leisure. It was his earnest and frequent prayer after he had relinquished his scholastic duties, that he might still in some way or other be permitted to work for his Lord, and he was thankful in the evidence granted from time to time that his prayers were heard. He took a warm and active interest in the York Blue-coat School and in the School for the Blind, as well as in the Castle Howard Reformatory. His services on the Ackworth and other Committees were highly valued. For several years previously, he had spent much time in the preparation of papers and reviews illustrative of Scripture and ecclesiastical history. These labours he continued. We believe it was his abiding desire that his literary and scientific tastes and acquirements, and all the talents he was endowed with, should be employed in the service of his Lord.

He completed his threescore and ten years

with a fair share of health, and a large capacity for enjoyment in things around him. Soon after this time it was evident that his physical powers were giving way. In the spring of 1873 he attended a portion of the Yearly Meeting; and returned home with the feeling that this privilege had been enjoyed for the last time. He continued to get to his own meeting till the latter part of 1874. Increased feebleness soon obliged him to assume more invalid habits, and those who saw him in the First month of 1875 thought that the end was very near. But such was not the case. A long course of bodily suffering was before him, in which he was permitted strikingly to exemplify the theme which was especially dear to him—the all-sufficiency of Divine grace to support in every hour of need.

In the Third month increasing debility necessitated his remaining altogether up-stairs. A room adjoining his bed-chamber was hastily fitted up as a sitting room, and here our beloved friend spent many happy hours. The extreme beauty of the spring, and of the vegetation in the gardens seen from his window, was a continual source of delight: he looked upon them as the works of his Heavenly Father's hand, testifying to His love and goodness. The decay of bodily

strength progressed slowly but steadily. In addition to the almost constant internal pain which had been his lot for months, the sense of extreme exhaustion—hardly less trying than pain—tested his patience to the utmost. But though the outward man was perishing, yet the inward man was renewed day by day. And so to the very last he could testify, that as his day, so had his strength been. The love of Jesus was a theme on which he delighted to dwell. “Oh,” he exclaimed one day in the earlier part of his illness, “if I should ever be again permitted to preach the gospel in meetings, how earnestly would I set forth the exceeding love of Jesus!” It was about the end of the First month, that such a vivid sense of assurance and acceptance in Christ Jesus was granted to our beloved friend, that he frequently referred to it afterwards as being “in the land of Beulah.” This sense of acceptance continued to the close. During the months of pain and weariness which followed, he was never permitted to doubt, that through redeeming love his name was written in the Lamb’s Book of Life. The precious covering of entire peace which was so often felt in sitting by him, was more than can be expressed.

On his last birth-day he writes thus,—it was

one of the last entries in his journal. "Third month, 21st. Seventy-four years completed! In the midst of many ailments incident to old age, often oppressed with lethargy, forms of disease increasing, others intensified—still through the cloud of the discipline of pain—(chastisement a mark of sonship)—I can thankfully acknowledge innumerable blessings,—alleviations of physical suffering—kind and watchful nursing; and above all these, in answer to daily earnest prayer, preservation from an impatient, a repining or a distrustful spirit, faith being granted to appropriate 'My Grace is sufficient for thee,' as for Paul. Night after night, I dwell upon (silently repeating) many beautiful hymns, and many of the most precious promises of Holy Scripture,—promises of my God and Saviour,—kept from all doubt of *acceptance* in and through Him alone; not having a single plea of any other kind. I hold as a creed, adopted many years ago, the lines of Cowper,—

'I never trusted in an arm but Thine,  
Nor hoped, but on Thy righteousness divine.'

with their previous and following context. (*See Cowper's Poem on Truth.*) I long and pray for entire conformity to the will, the mind and example of Christ." It was touching to hear our dear friend's

fervent expressions of gratitude and thankfulness for any alleviation of pain. Again and again did the simple prayer arise,—“If it be Thy will,—if it be *Thy* will,—give a little relief from suffering to Thy poor sick child.”

To those standing by him one day, he said, “I wish to say emphatically in the presence of you all as witnesses, that I have found the grace of God sufficient on all occasions.” He used nearly the same words on more than one subsequent occasion, adding to them the declaration that his faith and trust had never been permitted to waver. During a time of extreme suffering on First day, the 8th of Eighth month, our beloved friend sent for one who gives the following narration. “On going to the bed-side, he said, “I want thee to pray for me, and with me.” And as the words were feebly uttered, “Heavenly Father, we ask thee for Jesus’ sake,”—he interposed, “Oh, yes! that is it, for Jesus’ sake.” We asked that the Saviour would be very near through all the journey; and again he joined in,—“and to the river’s brink.” We added, “and through the river.” The next words were his,—“and to the very gates.” And when we added, “and into the presence of the Saviour whom he so loved and served,” the dear invalid gave a most em-

phatic "Amen." His soul seemed satisfied.

In the morning of the 16th, his last day upon earth, his mind wandered a little, and the power of speech for a time seemed gone. Occasionally the suffering expression of his countenance was changed for one of exceeding brightness, and his eyes had a very far-away look, as if gazing on something beyond the ken of those about him. Once when thus gazing upwards he beckoned with his finger; and when asked if he wanted something, he said, "I want to go home:" and after awhile, "Tell them to come quickly;" then more distinctly "He knows me better than any human eye," adding emphatically "And I know Him." Words of prayer followed, but only one sentence could be gathered, "Thou knowest all the process to the *very end*." Faith and patience did indeed hold out to the close. His breathing gradually became quieter till it gently ceased, and the redeemed spirit entered into the joy of his Lord.

MARY ANN FOWDEN, 82 29 12 mo. 1874  
*Edinburgh.* Widow of William Fowden. Interred at Wilmslow.

MARTHA FOWLER, *Doncaster.* 91 24 11 mo. 1874  
 Widow of George Fowler.

SAMUEL FOX, 80 28 12 mo. 1874  
*Falmouth.* A Milister.

HANNAH FOX, 70 6 1 mo. 1875

*Wellington in Somersetshire.*

REBECCA PHILLIPS FOX, 82 2 1 mo. 1875

*Kendal. A Minister.*

She was the youngest daughter of George and Frances Fox, of Perran-ar-Worthal in the West of Cornwall.

Born in one of those woody valleys, whose beauty is felt the more by comparison with the bareness of the surrounding hills, her early days were those of shelter and home indulgence ; contrasting widely with the frequent changes and uprootings of her later years. Yet throughout she was marked by a gentle, loving character. She shared with her sister in the tender care of their brother's motherless children ; and as counsellors and friends of their poorer neighbours, they were in those earlier days centres of confiding love and respect. The wants of each cottage were known and attended to. Advice and sympathy were continually sought : and to "*go up to House*" and consult "*the Ladies*" was the Perran idea of healing and comfort, both mental and physical.

When that scene and sphere were left in 1822, and a long life of varied tent-pitchings and frequent illness followed, the same gentle genial

character distinguished her. She was still a centre of wide-spread sympathy and interest. The "single eye" and the loving heart gave weight and worth to her advice, and endeared her to a large circle of friends and relatives.

She was for many years acknowledged as a Minister in the Society of Friends: but owing to frequent sickness and infirmity, her ministry was rather that of private counsel, persevering believing prayer, and the quietly spoken wisdom of a renewed and loving heart, than that of public utterance. We believe the meetings of Ministers and Elders, held in her quiet chamber, were often times of strong mutual comfort.

On her table might be found sweet new hymns, leaflets, small books of Christian teaching or biography; and in their suited dispersion went forth from thence many a message of refreshment and instruction. The Bible was her best book and constant companion; and its lessons were unostentatiously, yet very directly, brought to bear on the hearts and lives of those who came within her influence. *Cheerful trust* in God was a prevailing lesson. Prayer for others was a *habit*. None can say, till the event proves, how many have cause to bless the few well-directed words, and the *unspoken prayer* for blessings

spiritual and temporal, which proceeded from that peaceful room.

The greatest sorrow of her life was the death of her twin-like sister, on whom she had habitually leaned : but ever after it seemed to others, that a double share of that best companionship which was Enoch's portion was granted to her. Yet this was combined with intense clinging to human love and sympathy, and an earnest interest in all that concerned those she loved. These cravings were met by a singularly suited companion-friend in her latter years ; and thus, by a gracious Heavenly care, her natural heart-yearnings were provided for.

Many were the links which kept her associated with the lives of the absent as well as the near : so that her room was the place where intelligence of all sorts was looked for, whether relating to scattered gleams of Christian light amid "the dark places of the earth," or inscribed on the lives and experiences of her many friends and relatives.

In 1862 Rebecca Phillips Fox removed to Kendal : and the last years of her life were spent in a sweet hill-side home, overlooking the valley. Among her many friends there, she found true congeniality and Christian fellowship. Thus what

might have been a lonely severed life, was made one of thankfulness, religious privilege, and kindly intercourse.

Of this period she writes in her memoranda,—"Feeling, as I do, that my earthly race is nearly run out, what a mercy unutterable there is in having a Saviour to flee to, who is more precious than ever! faith is given me to believe that my sins are forgiven for His sake,—that His precious blood hath redeemed me,—and though the thought of the great change is very solemn, yet I am not dismayed when dwelling on it. \* \* Grant, Heavenly Father, that my heart may be filled with more love, more gratitude, for all Thy mercies, spiritual and temporal. I am now very happily circumstanced, abounding in every earthly comfort which can be desired, one of the kindest of friends tenderly watching over me."

At a still later date, she bears her last written testimony to the grace and mercy which had attended her. "A song of humble thanksgiving and praise is raised in my heart, for the many blessings which continue to follow me in my long pilgrimage."

After alluding to the sudden death of her beloved nephew Thomas D. Crewdson, she adds: "To me of course it feels that he is only taken

home a very short time before the summons will be sent to me. May I be as well prepared as he was, for an entrance (through faith in Christ, my dear precious Saviour) into the realms of everlasting bliss, to unite with those happy spirits who are before the Throne, in a song of thanksgiving and praise for evermore. Amen."

Thus were deep personal love to the Saviour, humbleness of mind, and sympathy with her fellow-creatures, her leading characteristics; until, at the age of nearly 82, in mental clearness, without any illness but the gradual wearing away of the earthly tabernacle, she passed into the presence of the Lord whom she loved.

And now that she is gone, a blank is deeply felt, which her ever-ready sympathy and love used to fill. To go and tell her the trouble, or to confide in her the difficulty or the trial, is no longer within reach. That familiar echo of some new real blessing or joy—"my dear! I am thankful"—can be heard no more. The beautiful consistency of her character as recognized by all classes of society, firm to its own convictions and principles, yet large and catholic to all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, is only a memory upon earth: but there are many who feel, that for loving, advising, praying and caring

for them, there is none like her left! Seldom indeed have 82 years of such blameless life been passed in this "troublesome world;" but she would have ascribed all the merit, grace and glory to "Him who loved her, and washed her from her sins in His own blood," of whom, with her failing voice, she so often spoke as—"my dear Saviour."

FREDERICK FREELOVE, 64 25 11 mo. 1874  
*Bermondsey.*

MARY GALLEWAY, 69 4 3 mo. 1875  
*Leeds.* Wife of Thomas Galleway.

MARION LOCKWOOD GARDNER, 1 3 2 mo. 1875

HANNAH ELIZABETH GARDNER, 8 11 3 mo. 1875  
*Leeds.* Children of Richard D. and E. S. Gardner.

HENRY GENT, *Knutsford.* 80 27 3 mo. 1875

JOSEPH JOHN GILLETT, 28 13 4 mo. 1875  
*Coggeshall.* Son of John and E. M. Gillett of Brailes.

HENRY GOODRIDGE, *Coventry.* 69 24 1 mo. 1875

MARY GRAHAM, 81 18 10 mo. 1874  
*Stanwix, Carlisle.*

HANNAH GRAHAM, 91 3 2 mo. 1875  
*Berkhempstead.* An Elder. Widow of Thomas Graham.

SABINA GRAVELY, 83 3 6 mo. 1875  
*Boscobel, Torquay.*

- ALFRED GRAY, 32 13 9 mo. 1875  
*London.* Son of the late Thomas Gray.
- ARTHUR GEORGE GRAY, 15 25 5 mo. 1875  
 Son of Samuel and Sarah Gray. Died at  
 Croydon School.
- REBECCA GREGORY, 63 29 2 mo. 1875  
*Claverham.* Wife of Isaac Gregory.
- JOHN GUY, 74 18 10 mo. 1874  
*Everton, Liverpool.* Formerly of Whitehaven.  
 A Schoolmaster, and the Author of Guy's  
 Arithmetic and Guy's Geography.
- JOSEPH HAIGH, *Highflatts.* 86 6 2 mo. 1875
- ENOCH HALDEN, 56 4 10 mo. 1875  
*Stafford.* An Elder. Interred at Hartshill.
- BASIL HALL, 41 28 9 mo. 1875  
*Grange over Sands.* Son of the late Benjamin  
 Hall.
- MARY ANN HALLAM, 21 9 3 mo. 1875  
*Middlesborough.* Daughter of Thos. and Sarah  
 Hallam.
- SARAH HALLAM, 70 30 6 mo. 1875  
*Yoakley's Buildings, Stoke Newington.* Widow  
 of Jacob Hallam.

This humble individual, who was an inmate of the Friends' Almshouses at Stoke Newington, lost her life in her seventy-first year, by her clothes accidentally taking fire in her small

kitchen. No help being within call at the time, she was dreadfully burnt; and when at last removed to her bed, she survived but a few hours. It was a short but painful summons! unforeseen,—but for which she was not unprepared. Only a few days previous, she had told a kind visitor that she had set her little home in order, and paid all that she owed;—and that the peace and joy which she enjoyed, when lying awake in the night thinking of her blessed Redeemer, was so great, that she thought her time on earth could not be long. Though a woman of small mental capacity, (the result as it was thought of a fever in early life,) she was always clear on religious subjects. It was a beautiful part of her Christian character, that if at any time she felt hurt with any one, she never rested till she had done that person some little act of kindness. Patiently enduring her last severe sufferings, and trusting to the end in her God and Saviour, she entered into the everlasting life where there is no more pain; and the feeling of those who stood around her lowly grave was indescribably sweet and solemn.

DANIEL HANBURY, F.R.S. 49 24 3 mo. 1875

*Clapham Common.*

JANE HARDWICK, 82 2 12 mo. 1874

*Plaistow. Widow of James Hardwick.*

- HENRY HARGREAVES, 58 3 2 mo. 1875  
*Haslingden.*
- JOHN HARRIS, 64 28 9 mo. 1875  
*Brigham, near Cockermouth.* Died at York.
- KATE HARRISON, 9 31 5 mo. 1875  
*Crook, near Kendal.* Daughter of William and Mary Harrison.
- MARY HARRISSON, 72 15 10 mo. 1874  
*Croydon.* An Elder. Widow of William L. Harrisson.
- MARY PROCTER HARTAS, — 11 3 mo. 1875  
*Maryland Road, London, W.* Wife of Isaac Hartas.
- MATILDA HARVEY, 74 5 7 mo. 1875  
*Croydon.* Widow of Robert Harvey.
- GERALD HARWOOD, 19 $\frac{3}{4}$  14 7 mo. 1875  
*New South Wales.* Seventh son of Edward Harwood of Woodhouse, near Bristol.
- CONSTANCE HATTON, 14 12 7 mo. 1875  
*Rathgar, Dublin.* Daughter of Robert and Maria Elizabeth Hatton.
- GEORGE HESELTINE, *Whitby.* 73 18 9 mo. 1875
- ALICE HEWIT, *Cootehill.* 17 $\frac{1}{2}$  10 3 mo. 1875
- ABIGAIL HEWSON, *Ballytore.* 72 24 7 mo. 1875
- HELEN MABEL HICKS, 3 28 6 mo. 1875  
*Chelmsford.* Daughter of Henry and Sarah Hicks.

PHILIP WARHAM HIGMAN, 78 26 12 mo. 1874  
*Bristol.*

JOHN HODGKIN, 75 3 7 mo. 1875  
*Lewes.* A Minister. Died at Bournemouth.

JAMES HODGKINSON, 65 21 12 mo. 1874  
*Monton Grange, Manchester.* An Elder.

THOMAS HODGSON, 57 21 4 mo. 1875  
*Moss Side, Manchester.*

MARTHA HOLDSWORTH, 41 25 1 mo. 1875  
*Heaton, near Bolton.* Wife of James S. Holdsworth.

MARY HOLMES, 75 20 2 mo. 1875  
*Earith.* Widow of John Holmes of Elm.

JONATHAN HOPKINS, 68 22 1 mo. 1875  
*Stopsley, near Luton.*

JANE BEVANS HORSNAILL, 61 28 4 mo. 1875  
*Rochester.* Wife of Alfred Horsnail.

SARAH HOTHAM, 62 27 3 mo. 1875  
*Headingley Hill, Leeds.* An Elder. Widow of James Hotham.

Chastened yet beloved, and chastened because beloved, is the reflection suggested in dwelling on the life and character of our late friend Sarah Hotham. She was the youngest daughter of worthy and pious parents, the late David and Phœbe Mallinson of Sheffield. In 1833, when in her twenty-first year, she was married to James

Hotham, a native of the same place, then settled as a linen-draper at Leeds. She was thus placed, when young and inexperienced, over a large business household ; which, aided by a like-minded partner, she governed by influence rather than authority, in meekness and gentleness, yet with Christian consistency and firmness.

In the year 1850, she was deprived by death of her valued husband. In the *Annual Monitor* that year his name is entered without remark. It may therefore be excusable to record, that he was a man in whom Christian excellence was blended with unusual sweetness and benevolence of character ; one, indeed, who recalls the distinction made by the Apostle Paul between “ a righteous man ” and “ a good man.”—(Romans, v., 7.) This great bereavement left Sarah Hotham, at the age of thirty-seven, a widow, with two sons and three daughters. Henceforth it was her great desire to supply to her children as much as possible the place of the parent they had lost, while at the same time she manifested an unusual degree of maternal tenderness.

To her sister, in the Tenth month following her husband's death, she writes :—“ What a tempestuous day this has been ! How has it brought to mind the storms of Second month

last, and with this, the recollection of much of indescribable interest!—not with anguish, ah! no—it has ceased to be that, by the many strong consolations which at times are permitted to flow in, calculated to awaken heart-felt thankfulness,—that he, the treasured idol of my heart, yet the humble and often cast-down pilgrim, is for ever in that perfect peace and purity his soul longed for. I was kept in bed by a bad cough all Seventh day, and it afforded a sweet opportunity of reviewing the dealings of the Lord with me. How great His compassion, His faithfulness and love! Yea, His condescension, in permitting us to see how infinitely wise are His purposes, in some of those inscrutable dispensations, which to our finite judging take away our strength.”

Again, on the first anniversary of James Hotham’s death, she wrote, Second month, 8th, 1851:—“ We have been helped through the week to our humble admiration: for though it was impossible not to live over again as it were events of such lasting interest, I can acknowledge that thankfulness has oft-times been raised in this stricken heart; so much of mercy and blessing has been permitted to be my portion through this first year of desolating widowhood. Oh! saith my soul, that faith may never fail in

the one all-sufficient arm of power, nor in the willingness of Him who is able to keep us from falling, so to cleanse and purify, as eventually to make us meet to join the ransomed who already surround the Throne, celebrating the praises of Him who redeemed them."

Sarah Hotham, with her family, spent the winter of 1854-5 at Torquay, on account of the delicate health of her eldest son. They were returning home in the spring, hoping the object of their journey was in measure accomplished, when Robert Hotham was attacked with illness at Clevedon, and died there on the 11th of Fifth month, 1855, aged eighteen. "Stripped and wounded as we indeed feel," writes the once more bereaved widow, "I would yet thankfully acknowledge, we are comforted of Him who was graciously pleased to grant some sense of the happiness of the dear departed. \* \* \* He was a precious boon,—*loan* I ought rather to say,—whom the Lord entrusted us with, and had the right to recal in His own time and way; and surely, while lacking Job's perfect resignation, I can yet say, 'Blessed be the Name of the Lord.' "

In 1867 Sarah Hotham was also deprived by death, at the age of twenty-two, of her only

remaining son, a young man of much promise, who seemed likely to have been one of the great comforts of her declining years. Her tenderly affectionate disposition felt these bereavements most keenly, whilst they were borne with sweet submission to the Divine will, and "as one knowing from personal experience the bitterness of the wormwood and the gall," she was in a very marked degree enabled to comfort others with the comfort wherewith she was herself comforted of God.

To one of her daughters she wrote, in the following summer:—"On awaking this morning, the words of the Psalmist became my prayer, 'Remember thy word unto thy servant upon which thou hast caused me to hope;' even this,— 'Leave thy fatherless children, and I will protect them, and *keep them alive*: and let thy widows trust in me.'" After expressing a trust that her surviving children were "alive in Christ," she continued, "and for those who have been called away, are they not enjoying that better, that blessed life in the presence of their Saviour and their God, apart from our trials, and our temptations and our sufferings? \* \* In view of these things, 'my soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour:' and I long for a little renewal of faith, that I may not let go my

confidence in Him as my helper, my comforter in every hour of need. I desire to praise Him, for His *proved* faithfulness in all His promises to the widow and the fatherless."

For a number of years Sarah Hotham filled the station of Elder with much acceptance. While gentleness and humility were the most obvious features of her character, they were associated with much clearness of judgment and Christian decision. Though feeble health often prevented her from attending Meetings, her counsel was readily given and highly valued; and her solicitude for the spiritual welfare of those around her, and of the Society of which she was an attached member, was constantly evidenced. Friends travelling in the ministry found not only hospitality but sympathy, at once tender and judicious, while under the roof of our beloved friend.

In the spring of 1873 after the marriage of her youngest child she writes;—"Thou wilt remember how in former seasons of trial, the words 'Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee, that it may be displayed because of Thy truth,' stimulated one's somewhat sinking faith, to grasp the rich promises, and open the heart to those consolations, which, through mercy

the Holy Spirit doubtless poured in, to the humbling admiration of my soul. And it is my desire, none the less *now*, to accept and use thankfully the outward blessings yet left to me, and to press on for more of spiritual life, more of a Christ-like spirit, and more ability to comfort such as need a little human help,—so as yet to display the banner entrusted, to the praise of the Giver of all.”

On the 15th of Fourth month she writes to one of her sisters,—“And now on reviewing the past, I can only acknowledge that God has been very gracious to us, in so largely restraining natural feeling, and in supplying the consolations some of us so greatly needed. For His abounding grace, His strengthening help, and the consciousness granted of His unfailing love in Christ Jesus, my soul has indeed bowed in humble gratitude and adoring love; and I have been ready to ask ‘why dealest Thou thus with Thy servant, so frail, so weak, and so faltering?’ Surely it is because of His tender compassion, in fulfilment of His gracious promises, and in answer to the many prayers that have gone up for our help and comfort; and shall we not now praise Him for all, and afresh acknowledge that hitherto the Lord hath helped us? Sometimes

my thoughts will go to my return home and the blank I shall feel there; but I am reproved by the query, 'O thou of little faith, wherefore dost thou doubt?'"

For some years, frequent illness made Sarah Hotham's life appear very precarious. The last attack of bronchitis came however unexpectedly. During its brief and suffering progress, amidst all the weariness and pain of the body, the soul sweetly rested on Christ, and was kept in peace.

On Sixth day the 12th of Third month, she attended the Monthly Meeting at Leeds and took cold, but it was not until the Second day following, that she was confined to her room. Her suffering from pain in the chest and difficulty of breathing were great. Very often at this time, and throughout her illness, she expressed her love and trust in the Saviour; and was frequently heard repeating fragments of the hymn—

“Dear Name, the Rock on which I build,  
My Shield and Hiding Place,  
My never failing Treasury, filled  
With boundless stores of grace.”

Sometimes the sigh arose, “I want rest:” along with the earnest desire for patience. She sent a message to a Friend that she was kept in perfect peace, and once after hearing the words of Christ

"My peace I give unto you, &c." she said "*My* peace—*not* as the world giveth,—*no*, not as the world giveth." She spoke of the end of her life as the "breaking up of a very pleasant journey," and remarked "my work is done!—very imperfectly, but it is accepted in Christ."

Once turning to her daughters she said, "you have kept me back so many times by your prayers, I must go now,—Let me go, let me go, for the day breaketh." Her longing to go seemed only kept in check by her desire to see one of her daughters, who with her husband was on the Continent. On their arrival she said "God is so good in bringing you back in time,—Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for Thou hast given me my heart's desire."

She frequently asked for prayer; and spoke of the comfort the vocal utterance of it had been to her; and once in allusion to the petition of a dear friend at the commencement of her illness, "that at evening time it might be light," she added, "It is light—*all light*." She was soothed from time to time by hearing favourite portions of Scripture, and hymns, remarking "I like the old hymns, they are not spoiled by the new ones." "Rock of Ages,"—and Cowper's lines—"To Jesus the crown of my Hope,"—"Rutherford's last

words,"—and many others met with a responsive look or smile. Once she was heard to whisper "I stand upon His merits;" and at another time very emphatically,

"Not on the crown He giveth,  
But on His pierced hand."

On one occasion she was heard to whisper with closed eyes, and face full of peace,—“He toucheth me, and maketh me whole—He toucheth me, and maketh me perfectly whole.” At another time she said to her sister—“Read to me about the City to which I’m hastening, ‘The City of living men:’”—and on some one rising to fetch *Bonar’s Hymns*, she said “No, not out of Bonar, out of the Revelations.” Once, when the lines were repeated,

“Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
Safe on His tender breast,  
There by His love o’ershaded,  
Sweetly my soul shall rest,”

“Yes,” she assented, “it is only the body that is weary, the soul does rest.”

Her last moments are thus described by one of her daughters:—“On taking leave of the doctors, she said, ‘I want to bear my testimony to the faithfulness of our glorious Lord to me, this saved sinner.’ To one of her sons-in-law, she

said, 'Give my love to——; tell her I go to realize all the promises.' And a little later, seeing one of the servants in the room, she indicated a wish to see the others, and they gathered round the bed. There was scarcely strength to speak. She whispered, 'Tell them what I want to say;' and E. told them, 'Mamma wants you to know that Jesus is very precious to her;'—she would say,

'He is the Rock on which I build,  
My Shield and Hiding Place,  
My never-failing Treasury,—filled  
With boundless stores of Grace.'

'Yes,' mamma said, 'I have proved it all true; grace for every need, and never a promise failed.' Half an hour after this we watched the shortened breathing, until at 11-30 a.m., it very gently ceased, and we could but return thanks that the warfare was accomplished, and the victory won through our Lord Jesus Christ."

The preceding passage was written immediately after Sarah Hotham's decease by her eldest daughter, Elizabeth, the beloved wife of John S. Rowntree of York. Three months afterwards, an accident whilst driving suddenly terminated her life. There was no opportunity for the utterance of any parting words of faith, or hope, or love; but a life of singular unselfishness and

sweetness had evidenced from childhood her love to Christ, and assured her bereaved friends, that through the mercy of the Saviour they had loved and served, mother and daughter,—so tenderly united on earth,—were reunited in Heaven.

ANNIE MARY HOWITT, 11 mos. 1 1 mo. 1875

FRANCIS ADLINGTON HOWITT, 5½ 26 1 mo. 1875

*Nottingham.* Children of Francis and Ann Howitt.

HENRY HOYLAND, 86 1 8 mo. 1875

*Divernagh, near Bessbrook.*

MARGARET JANE HUDSON, 35 7 12 mo. 1874

*Morpeth.* Wife of John Hudson.

RICHARD HUDSON, 74 26 1 mo. 1875

*Middlesborough.*

SARAH HURTLEY, 94 26 11 mo. 1874

*Malton.* Widow of William Hurtley.

JOHN TURNER HUTCHINSON, 35 24 4 mo. 1875

*Canning Road, Highbury.*

JOHN HUTCHINSON, 81 23 8 mo. 1875

*Selby.* An Elder. Died at Nottingham.

JAMES IANSON, 53 5 4 mo. 1875

*Darlington.* A Minister.

MARIA JACKSON, 80 9 3 mo. 1874

(Name reported last year.)

“Hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the Kingdom

which He hath promised to them that love Him ?"—(James, ii., 5.)

It is believed that the experience of this dear friend, whose maiden name was Maria Pasco, adds another to the many instances which call for an affirmative answer to this question of our Lord's kinsman. She was the youngest of four children of John and Louisa Ann Pasco, who resided at Deptford. Her life, from a child, was one of faith and trust in her Saviour, to whom she looked for help and strength ; and being drawn into close communion with Him, she was enabled under the influence of his Holy Spirit to bring forth the fruit of an unselfish, consistent life ; thus becoming a witness for God to all around her.

When she was four years of age, her valued father died in consequence of a fall into a mill dam ; an event which caused her very deep sorrow, and at the same time an intense anxiety to know if he were eternally happy. The father had been accustomed to go with his child for a walk in Greenwich Park, where he would sit down, taking her on his knee. On the first occasion after his death of again visiting the park, and seeing the seat where they had so often rested together, she ran to it, and falling on her

knees, implored God that, if her father were really safe and happy, she might have the assurance given her; and from that time she never doubted of his safety. This, she remarked a short time before her death, was her first answer to prayer. Her mother was a woman of superior mind, kind and unselfish; and as a good mother's influence is never lost, one can understand the effect her example would have on the mind of her child. It was treasured throughout youth and womanhood, even to the last of her declining years. While she was yet young, Maria Pasco went to live in a Friend's family as housemaid, but her stay was not of long duration; for in consequence of the illness of her mother she returned home, not however without having gained the highest esteem of those she had resided with. Subsequently, she entered the service of some Friends at York, as shopwoman, and here her mother's injunction "to make work a pleasure, and then it would never feel burdensome," was not forgotten. After her work was finished in the shop, she would often assist with the children, or help the servants in any way she could. Always alert to embrace opportunities of doing good, she manifested that love to others, the possessor of which is declared by an Apostle

to be born of God, and to know Him.

The following is selected from among many benevolent acts which came to her friends' knowledge at this time. A little half-starved ragged boy of six years had attracted her attention, by loitering about the shop and begging half-pence from her. He was a neglected orphan, and her interest was at once awakened in his behalf. Having frequently relieved his wants, and still finding he was no better off, enquiries were made; and it was elicited that a woman had taken charge of the boy, and by her he was sent into the streets to beg, that he might bring her tenpence every night. Any clothes supplied to him were, of course, soon converted into money. Maria Pasco had the boy removed at once, and placed with a suitable person; and from her own small income she drew from time to time the necessary contributions, which, supplemented by help from her brother Nathaniel and a few friends, were expended in his support and education. After the expiration of some years he was apprenticed to a tailor, but afterwards enlisted as a soldier; which proved a great trial to his benefactress, believing as she did, that all war was contrary to the spirit of Christianity. Her interest in her *protégé* however continued, and she kept up a

correspondence with him until his death in the Crimean war.

She was for two years at Ackworth School, filling the situation of Matron in the boys' department, and all who knew her there can testify, that to shew kindness, and promote what was good, was *her daily aim*. Her next remove was to Dublin; where, for upwards of ten years, in conjunction with her brother Nathaniel Pasco, she was engaged in the superintendence of the Retreat at Bloomfield for insane persons, established and conducted by Friends in Ireland. Here her great kindness and sympathy were fully appreciated by the Committee, and the friends of the patients. In the many varied forms of lunacy, especially those associated with frenzy and violence, she proved what the power of mind and self-possession, combined with love, could accomplish. One of the patients, a lady, had resolved to drown herself; but when at the point of doing so, it occurred to her how much grief it would cause her kind friend Maria Pasco, and she at once relinquished the intention. In after years, when restored to her usual mental power, she acknowledged this fact.

This engagement at Dublin was terminated by a marriage with Robert Jackson of York, who

was a widower with six children; the two youngest of whom, a son and daughter, then came particularly under the loving care of their step-mother. Robert Jackson was a small farmer and butcher. He, as well as his wife, was most kindly disposed towards the poor, and they were especially careful that there should be no waste in their shop; so that if there was no sale for the meat, it was cooked and given to the needy. During the famine in Ireland in 1847, they, in conjunction with other Friends, rendered considerable assistance to those who flocked to England from that country.

Maria Jackson's married life was of short duration; and after the death of her husband at the end of five years, she removed to Manchester, and subsequently, with her brother Nathaniel, to Bristol; opening a small shop which was continued until his decease. During her residence here, she was still mindful that her Heavenly Father had work for her to do. On one occasion she was led to search into the history of two little children—a boy and a girl—who had excited her sympathy by their wretched condition. The poor girl very shortly died, as it was proved in court, from sheer starvation! and after her death the little boy frequently visited Maria Jackson. He was evi-

dently growing weaker daily, when one evening he presented himself at her door; stating that his mother had refused to take him in, and had sent him away, saying, "Tell Mrs. Jackson she may take you altogether." Our dear friend felt she could not refuse shelter to the poor child, and he was accordingly received into her house: where under her care he soon improved; and after a time was apprenticed to a basket-maker.

She was moved with compassion for the slaves in our West Indian colonies. For years when she was living at York, and her brother in London, they both regularly every evening at eight o'clock, offered prayer for their liberation; and great was their joy and thankfulness when the desire of their hearts was accomplished.

The death of her brother which took place at Bristol, and the close attention and anxiety attendant on his illness, were too much for her strength, and brought on an attack of paralysis; when the little shop had to be given up, and she was removed to the Friends' Alms House in that city. On her recovery, her independent spirit prompted her, to the great astonishment of her friends, to undertake at the age of 65 the situation of attendant on an elderly invalid residing at Hoddesdon; to whom, until the close of life in

about three years, her thoughtful tender care was unremitting. After a few months' absence she returned to Hoddesdon, and there continued to reside during the remaining twelve years of her life. Her home, "*Laurel Cottage*," was a source of much pleasure to her; and there she loved to dwell on the Lord's goodness, and the blessings by which she was surrounded. The needy were her frequent visitors, but by others her counsel and sympathy were sought for and highly valued; and entering into their joys and sorrows, she was often able, with her remarkable power of discernment, to give sound advice or admonition. She was much beloved by the young. One such, writing after her decease expressed himself thus:—"Her gentle, sympathizing, and utterly unselfish life, must have influenced any who knew her to their great good."

The following incident is another illustration of her Christian benevolence. One First-day she met a woman who had evidently known better days, and who appeared to be weighed down with sorrow and heavy care. As usual, words of love and sympathy flowed forth. This caused the poor woman unhesitatingly to unbosom her sorrows. Her husband was a drunkard; and to satisfy his morbid and sinful propensity, he had

sold all their household effects, even to the wedding presents; besides which, his conduct towards her was fearful. What actually transpired in the several interviews which afterwards took place is not known; but before finally parting, Maria Jackson told her that, should she have any real difficulty with regard to her boy, a child of nine years old, she might send him to her house for a time. This invitation was afterwards accepted; and the poor boy spent many weeks under the shelter of their kind friend's roof. His father died afterwards in one of the London hospitals, it is believed, a reformed and altered man; and his mother entered into the work of a Bible woman.

Maria Jackson had a firm belief in the efficacy of fervent prayer. On one occasion when speaking of trials and troubles she remarked, "Yes, even trouble is good, if it brings us nearer to God by prayer." She also spoke of the assurance she had, that if prayers for the good of others were sincere, they would be answered,—adding, "How often we meet with instances in the Holy Scriptures, where persons were brought by their friends and relations to our Saviour, and were healed!"

On the 5th of Third month, 1874, about

midnight, she became seriously ill. She told her niece that, for her sake, she should have liked to live a little longer; but added, "I leave thee in the hands of Jesus." In a former illness she had said to a friend, "My faith is firm that all will be well with me; He who has been with me all my life, will not forsake me now;" adding, "goodness and mercy have followed me all my days." This trust and faith in her Saviour never wavered, and the serenity of her mind made it a privilege to be with her. Once she remarked, "What should I do without Jesus now? He is my all in all." Ever thoughtful and considerate for others, she endeavoured to prepare her niece for the solemn change which had no terrors for herself. A few minutes before the summons came she was able to speak: her niece on going to the door to ask for something for her aunt, looked back and saw that the spirit had taken its flight.

The temptation of those, to whom many talents and great opportunities have been entrusted, is perhaps rather to misemploy than to hide them. Hence the fitness in our Lord's parable of making the holder of the one talent his example of slothful distrust. May the many who deem themselves, from poverty or other

causes, to have received but the one talent, be encouraged by the bright instance before us, to testify their love to their God and Saviour by faithfulness in the "very little;" that so, in the end, the blessed words may be addressed to them, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

MARY M. U. JACKSON, 4 28 12 mo. 1874  
*Newtownards.* Daughter of Wm. R. and Elizabeth Jackson.

ANNA FISHER JACOB, 39 12 11 mo. 1874  
*Limerick.* Wife of Joshua Jacob.

JOHN JAMES, 75 23 1 mo. 1875  
*Truro.* An Elder.

JOSEPH JONES, *Hereford.* 70 25 10 mo. 1873  
 (Name reported last year.)

"The memory of the just is blessed" was declared of old, (Prov. x. 7) and it is with the view of preserving some remembrance of an humble, consistent Christian life, that the following particulars have been written.

Joseph Jones was the son of John and Margaret Jones of Ruthin, North Wales, and was born in 1803. He was indebted much to the careful training of a pious mother, who was left (through the impressment of her husband for the naval service) to bring up a family of four

children, of whom he was the youngest. Thrown from his earliest years amongst a circle of religious professors, he was attracted towards the principles of the Society of Friends, through reading the "Life of Ellis Pugh." This induced him to walk eight miles every First day to attend meeting at the farm-house of Garthgynan, with the Bancroft family: intercourse with whom deepening his impressions, he was ultimately received into membership. After serving his apprenticeship at Wrexham, he went to London, where he was employed in the publishing house of William Darton, Holborn Hill, and whilst there, he had the opportunity of more intercourse with Friends; profiting much by the ministrations of many who were eminent in that day, and especially by those of Mary Dudley. Like many other young men, he came under the kind notice of the late Peter Bedford, of whose loving and fostering care he retained a grateful remembrance to the end of life.

After a severe illness in 1823 he visited Hereford, where his sister was living at that time: and at the recommendation of Friends there, he commenced business in that city soon afterwards. In 1825, he married Mary, daughter of Caleb and Ann Morgan of Haywards near Ross, who proved to him for forty-seven years

a faithful help-meet,—and whose memory is precious, not only to her children, but to a large circle of neighbours and friends.

Being of a meek and quiet spirit, he took no very prominent part either in municipal or political matters; and he retired from the Town Council after having served for only one term of three years, finding himself brought into contact with much that did not comport with the Christian standard, which he desired to maintain. In this, and in other public offices which he filled, his constant aim was to uphold this standard, and to act as a consistent Friend;—a path, which was not without its difficulties in a cathedral city, where public feeling was often in direct opposition to his views. But his uniform consistency of conduct, combined with urbanity and kindness of disposition, won for him the respect of his fellow townsmen. His time and aid were cheerfully given to the cause of education, in which he was particularly interested, as also in the Bible Society: and for many years he filled the office of Poor Law Guardian.

A stroke of paralysis in the autumn of 1872, and the death of the beloved wife of his youth very soon afterwards, were trials that called forth the exercise of his faith to the uttermost; but it

was not permitted to fail, and often was his testimony borne to the faithfulness of God. Very sweet was the covering of his spirit during the remaining months of his life, and the patience with which he was enabled to bear his bodily afflictions, was very instructive. He died on the 25th of Tenth month, 1873: and it is consolingly believed, that he has joined that glorious company, whose robes are washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb;—"therefore, are they before the throne of God."

RACHEL KENWAY, 79 17 2 mo. 1875

*Bayswater.* Widow.

ELEANOR KING, 82 1 11 mo. 1874

*Elswick Lodge, Garstang.* Widow of John King of Manchester.

JOHN KING, 7 9 4 mo. 1875

*Rusholme, Manchester.* Son of James and Margaret S. King.

MARY KING, 87 18 7 mo. 1875

*Rawtenstall.* Widow of John King.

WILLIAM KNIGHT, *Halstead.* 76 24 12 mo. 1874

STEPHEN KNIGHT, 62 28 2 mo. 1875

*Bexley Heath, London.*

JOSEPH LAMB, 13 26 7 mo. 1875

*Sibford Gower.* Son of Arthur Joseph and Jane Lamb.

ALFRED LAMB, *Birmingham*. 31 15 9 mo. 1875

MARGARET ANN LATCHMORE, 33 7 3 mo. 1875

*Hitchin*. Interred at Adel, near Leeds.

Daughter of Thomas and the late Maria Latchmore.

THOMAS LATCHMORE, 69 26 8 mo. 1875

*Hitchin*.

EDWIN LAUNDY, 64 16 10 mo. 1875

*Edgbaston, Birmingham*. A Minister.

JANE LEE, 47 14 10 mo. 1874

*Shepley, Huddersfield*. Wife of Elliott Lee.

MARY LEVITT, 85 11 2 mo. 1875

*Ackworth*. Widow of Isaac Levitt.

Looking back to the foundation of Ackworth School, nearly a century past, we find that Dr. Fothergill brought over out of Cheshire a school-master of distinguished eminence as a penman, the once well known Joseph Donbavand, whose name was for about 40 years connected with the institution. His oldest son, John Donbavand, was also long engaged as a teacher in the school; and during the time of the war with Napoleon the First, was twice imprisoned with other Friends, once in 1810, and again in 1814, in the *Wakefield House of Correction*, for conscientiously refusing to serve when ballotted for the militia. At a later period he was also anxious

to go out as a missionary to Western Africa, but died of fever in the year 1824, only one week after a beloved sister had sunk under the same disease.

To this family belonged Mary Levitt, originally Mary Donbavand ; who, unlike most of her brothers and sisters, was spared beyond the average term of life to the close of the last winter. Though filling no conspicuous or prominent place in the world, she was in her own sphere a pattern of good works. She feared the Lord from her youth ; and though always moving in an humble circle in life, was above all things anxious to seek and to find the pearl of great price. She was born in 1790 ; and at one time time resided in the family of Wm. Alexander at York ; where, being a good writer, she was often engaged in copying out for the printer articles in the early numbers of the *Annual Monitor*.

After her mother's death in 1821, she remained at home as housekeeper to her bereaved father ; and when, about the year 1828 Joseph Donbavand was struck with paralysis, and continued in a very helpless state for more than three years,—he was nursed by his daughter Mary with close and persevering attention almost beyond her strength ; and it appeared wonderful

that she was able to bear up under it. In 1832, the year following her father's decease, she was married to Isaac Levitt; and at the end of their union of thirty years, her husband also being paralyzed, she had again to pass through many months of patient nursing and endurance. She survived him rather more than twelve years.

Mary Levitt was distinguished by great neatness and cleanliness in her house and person, which seemed only emblematical of her regularity of mind. She was a woman of warm affections and neighbourly kindness; ready to feel and sympathize with all in trial, and to rejoice in the happiness of others; especially in the prosperity of the Church. It was her pleasure to attend religious meetings; and in middle life she often expressed a few words in them with much feeling and sweetness. She was an humble simple-minded Christian, and contented with small things. Having food and raiment, she was therewith content; and in her small cottage she was kindly hospitable. She had the grace of Christian charity, supposing no evil of others, though having a lively sense of wrong done, as well as right; but always prepared rather to suffer wrong than to commit it. She was both generous and just; and being of a meek and

quiet spirit, she lived in much happiness, and was esteemed by all who knew her.

In the days of her widowhood, she was sometimes depressed, and often expressed a wish to be gone, but this was evidently with a settled conviction, that through a Saviour's love "to depart and be with Christ would be far better." After being confined to her bed only a few days, during which she was not always conscious, she fell asleep in Jesus.

THOS. WILLIAM LEWIS, 41 19 2 mo. 1875

*Warrenville, Blackrock, near Dublin.*

ARTHUR E. LIDBETTER, 27 13 5 mo. 1874

*Ambleside.* Son of Martin Lidbetter. (Name reported last year.)

Every day's experience tells of the uncertainty of this life, but when upon one whom we have known and loved the sun has suddenly gone down whilst it was yet day, the reality of this uncertainty comes home to us, and the voice of the Lord is heard, "Be ye also ready."

To those who knew Arthur Edward Lidbetter there is no need to describe him as of a very genial disposition, calculated to attract others; and when his own heart was brought under the power of the love of God, his influence was used to draw others to their Saviour, especially those nearest and dearest to him.

It was Arthur's privilege to be brought up until he was more than sixteen years old entirely under the parental roof. It seems not too much to say, that there was a bond between parents and child which death itself could not break. In the sixteenth year of his life it pleased the Lord to take unto himself his tenderly-loved mother, to whom in her declining days he was a most helpful and devoted son, taking almost the entire charge of his younger brother and sister. That dear, dying mother repeated and left with him the following lines—

“On Christ the solid Rock I stand,  
All other ground is sinking sand.”

After many days, when himself on his death-bed, these lines were quoted by him in reference to himself.

Shortly after his mother's death, the important step of choosing a business had to be made. He was placed with a Friend at Birkenhead. During his apprenticeship a delicacy of constitution appeared, which more than once necessitated a return home,—at one time for a long period. In writing to his master some years after, he acknowledged that it was under his roof that he was seriously aroused to the consideration of his eternal interests.

Leaving Birkenhead, he subsequently found a pleasant home in Bath, where he was blessed with many advantages, and experienced great spiritual benefit; both from the religious influence of those in whose family he was placed, and that of many kind and serious Friends with whom he became acquainted. A return of his former weakness obliged him to leave Bath towards the close of 1871. He spent about nine months at home, devoting much of his time very pleasantly and profitably to his microscope, in the examination of natural objects. Whilst thus engaged he felt how loudly nature testifies, "There lives and works a soul in all things, and that soul is God." When sufficiently recovered to engage again in business, he went to Norwich, where he remained for a few months. In the spring of 1873 he removed to Ambleside, with a view to commence business on his own account as a grocer. He entered upon this undertaking with his characteristic vigour; and as time wore on, his prospects were brightened with the expectation of a chosen friend, to share with him life's joys and sorrows. Having become a pledged abstainer from intoxicating drinks, he felt he could not sell them; and therefore he relinquished the sale of light wines, which had been a profitable branch of the business under its previous owner.

For some weeks in the spring Arthur's health had been failing, but he wrote home in usual spirits, making no mention of any ailment. His father writes: "The first intimation I had of dear Arthur's illness, was by telegram from J. H. on Second day afternoon the 11th of Fifth month, intimating that he was so ill it was urgent that I should see him. On reaching Ambleside about 9 p.m., I found him utterly prostrated. The difficulty of breathing was very great, and could only be relieved by violent coughing, which was very exhausting to him. I watched by his bedside through the night, administering such things as seemed likely to relieve him, but his constant unrest was distressing to witness: no ease in any position,—no sweet sleep. His mind was quite clear and collected. He told me he had been out of health for about three weeks; he had said nothing about it however in his letters to us. He had worked on till the very last on the previous Seventh day, not quitting the shop till nine at night. During Third day there was no change for the better. His day's work was done; and his mind seemed quite free from all anxiety as to outward affairs, calmly and confidently resting on his Saviour. Death was robbed of its sting and the grave of its victory, through our Lord Jesus

Christ, whom he had long loved and endeavoured to follow. Not that he had anything to boast of; he acknowledged that he was a sinner, and that all he had to rest upon was Jesus Christ the Saviour, sweetly quoting the lines—

‘ On Christ the solid Rock I stand,  
All other ground is sinking sand.’

Resigning himself into the hands of his Creator, he said, ‘Thy will be done, all in Thine own good time.’ Sometime during the day he said, ‘God is so good to me.’ In the afternoon C., the clergyman, came in and knelt at the bedside; Arthur was much pleased with the visit and subsequently said, ‘Wasn’t it good of Dr. C.?’ adding, ‘haven’t thee anything to say, papa?’ who signified his assent in silence; and some time after uttered a few words in prayer which appeared consoling to him. During the night his father again offered a short prayer for his encouragement and support, to which he gave his solemn ‘Amen.’ His friend J. F., whom he wished to be called to his bedside, remained the rest of the time till the solemn close; and his brother T. was also with him till near the end. The family all felt it a privilege to be near at such a time, and do what they could (O how little!) to alleviate his sufferings. The Heavenly Comforter however was near, and

'the everlasting arms' did truly support him. He would turn his eyes on his brother and father with the most affectionate regards. 'Don't grieve, —don't cry,—don't be distressed!' he said, when he observed them unable to repress their feelings. At one time he said, 'How kind you all are to me!' On a wish being expressed to bear his sufferings for him, his prompt reply was, 'I wouldn't wish it.' He wished his love to be given to all his friends, and expressed his heart-felt desire that they would meet in heaven; but 'he was willing to live and work for Jesus here, if it were the will of God.' Consciousness remained till near the close; and his last prayer was, 'Jesus, come, come.'"

MARY LINNEY, 67 24 8 mo. 1875

*Ackworth.* Widow of George F. Linney.

SARAH LITTLEWOOD, 76 25 1 mo. 1875

*Retford.* Wife of George Littlewood.

WILLIAM LLOYD, 76 2 1 mo. 1875

*Birmingham.*

SARAH LONG, 65 27 11 mo. 1874

*Yoakley's Buildings, Stoke Newington.* Widow of Josiah Long.

SARAH LOVELL, 76 23 5 mo. 1875

*Street, Somersetshire.* Widow of James Lovell.

EDWARD LUCAS, *Brighton.* 71 28 11 mo. 1874

EDWARD LUCAS, <i>Hitchin.</i>	36	12	8 mo.	1875
WILLIAM MARRIAGE, <i>Broomfield Mill, near Chelmsford.</i>	34	27	4 mo.	1875
LUCY MARRIAGE, <i>Chelmsford.</i>	72	20	8 mo.	1875
MARGARET SIMS MAY, <i>Leighton Buzzard.</i>	48	1	11 mo.	1874
ELIZABETH MERRELL, <i>Waterloo Road, Westminster.</i>	62	29	7 mo.	1875
SARAH MOOR, <i>Cork. Widow of Christopher Moor.</i>	70	17	5 mo.	1875
ELIZABETH MOORE, <i>Thornbury. Widow of Nehemiah Moore.</i>	84	23	3 mo.	1875
SAMUEL MOORHOUSE, <i>Moorland Road, Leeds. An Elder.</i>	67	23	9 mo.	1875

Warmly appreciating the beauties of nature and of art, the subject of this notice also strove, and it is reverently believed in no common measure was enabled, to walk humbly before his God; his great wish in all things spiritual and temporal being first to "know the mind of the spirit."

Samuel Moorhouse was born in an humble position in life, unconnected with the Society of Friends. In his early and youthful years he experienced more than the usual vicissitudes. To this he was wont to allude with feelings of evident thankfulness, that he should have been so mercifully preserved through all. He had not

the advantage of ordinary schooling, with the barest exception; but felt he owed much to a Wesleyan "Sunday School," to which in his later years he subscribed annually. With the additional aid of night classes, popular educational works and instructive lectures, having a quick, seeking and retentive mind, he obtained much of the education he would otherwise have lacked. He commenced light work at the age of seven, mainly through his own desire, prompted by seeing the difficulties his mother had to contend with, in providing for a numerous family. During part of his boyhood he was employed as "marker" at two billiard rooms in Leeds. Here he sometimes received presents, which he felt he could not appropriate to his own use; but would take them home, and playfully cast them into his mother's lap, when she would perhaps exclaim, "There, this is a *God-send*, I have been wondering where to-morrow's dinner was to come from." It may here be remarked however, that in after life he conscientiously refused all perquisites beyond his due earnings. Reverting to his boyhood, being of a lively turn, with some skill as a ventriloquist and especially as a musician, he rather narrowly escaped going with a travelling circus as an "apprentice to horsemanship," and on

another occasion with a circus band. There was also talk of his joining a military band going to the Colonies.

Among such and other changes of employment his early years were passed until the age of fourteen. He then entered the service of some "Friends" in the town, stuff merchants, and continued in this employment for thirty-two years. The influence he thus came under, though not what drew him into the Society of Friends primarily, was of a highly favourable kind. His after years were passed in business as a corn-miller. In the year 1837 he was united in marriage to Jane Mason.

In religious matters the experiences of Samuel Moorhouse were also *very varied* in early life. At times he had a great fear of death, which had a tendency to lead him to serious thoughtfulness. He attended, from time to time, many of the places of worship in Leeds, including that of the Unitarians. On one of these occasions, when at a Dissenter's Chapel, he had a visitation in which his mind was remarkably opened and enlightened on the subject of *the Divinity of Christ*, which called forth his humble and grateful admiration; and so much was he engrossed therein, as to be all but unconscious of what was passing around him.

In connection with his employment at this time, he had to sleep at the house of a Friend, temporarily absent from home. He had free use of the Friend's library, and taking up a small edition of the *Life of George Fox*, he soon became absorbed in the reading of it. His mind had been undergoing such a change, as seemed to have prepared it for the reception of the principles and doctrines therein set forth; for previous to this time, and independently of any views connected with Friends, he had felt thoroughly convinced of the inconsistency of *war and oaths* for a Christian. He had also become scrupulous about *congregational singing*, sometimes altering the words to apply better to his state. The relinquishing of *music* afterwards, of which he was extremely fond, proved a great sacrifice; but he felt, that to obtain peace the practice of it must be given up.

He first attended the meetings of the Society of Friends at the age of nineteen; and finding there the fellowship his soul longed for, he was joined in membership in his 26th year. Having conscientiously adopted, through much humiliation and suffering, what are termed the "peculiarities" of *language, dress and deportment*, he stedfastly adhered to them through life; some-

times remarking that he believed much more was involved in the faithful maintenance of them, than many appeared able to see. It may be said however, that in these and other things, he deprecated their use or observance merely as a form, without a conscientious adherence to them.

Drawn to the Society by conviction, and earnestly holding to what are spoken of as its early views, he often felt called upon to regret and sometimes oppose a spirit, which he looked upon as one of change and restlessness. Yet in these things he was desirous, so far as he could, to accept and act upon the united judgment of his friends. He was an ardent supporter of our meetings for worship both on First and week days, and greatly prized these periods of spiritual refreshment.

The close of life was such as to exemplify the sincerity of his walk, showing where his trust had been. The eight days of his illness, which commenced with an attack of pleurisy, followed by inflammation of the lungs, were marked by much calmness and resignation. After being confined to bed several days, he asked for the 46th Psalm to be read, where it speaks (he said) of the Lord as "our refuge and strength;" which in his experience he had oftentimes proved

to be true, to his great comfort and help. The afternoon before his death he said—"Live unto God; for those who live unto Him, live most truly unto themselves." To one taking leave of him in the evening, he spoke these words:—"Well——, we should always keep an eye to the end of the race. If we don't meet again on earth, I hope we shall meet in heaven; but if we intend to get there, we must strive,—hoping is not sufficient, hoping will not get us there." On one remarking upon his illness, he said,—“Afflictions come not ‘unappointed: but Christian patience and resignation is what we should seek after; it may seem mysterious, but I have no doubt all is of the Lord’s ordering.”

He afterwards expressed the following:—"I have sought the Lord from my youth, contrary to my natural inclination; but I have to regret that I have not (directed my feet) in the way that I should, nor been sufficiently dedicated. Should I be raised up again, I think I should be willing to be anything or nothing in the Lord’s hands; yea, even to appear as a fool in the eyes of men for His sake. I feel nothing but love in my heart to all, and especially to Friends; and I think it is because I love the Lord and His truth. The principles of Friends, and my profession with the

Society I very highly value; for I feel more than ever persuaded they are the truth, and there will be nothing better through time; and my wonder is that more do not press after them. Yet there are sentiments now in the Society which I cannot unite with; and if I have too much withheld expressing my views, it has been from love to my friends, and a desire not to promote a spirit of contention; but I feel that had I been more faithful, I might have been more efficient (or helpful) to the Body. My desire is that Friends may be concerned to gather under the one Head, Christ being in their midst as their true Teacher." He also spoke more particularly of his own shortcomings and his deep sense of unworthiness; yet, through mercy, he was permitted to feel "nothing in the way." In offering words of exhortation and counsel to his family, he repeated the texts—"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap;"—"What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

He expressed a great deal on the morning of his death, when his utterance was at times very indistinct. Of this, he was quite aware, remarking "I feel an eloquence which this stammering tongue cannot express." From sentences that

were heard at intervals, he evidently had the true welfare of all much on his mind, and allusions were also made to the solemn change about to come over him. The words were more than once heard—"through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." He said at one time, "offer yourselves a willing sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God." On one repeating the words, "The Lord gave, and the Lord is about to take away; may the ability be given to say "Blessed be the name of the Lord,"—he impressively added "Amen and amen!" He quoted the passage "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless His holy name;" with several of the following verses of the 103rd Psalm; and also said "Underneath are the everlasting arms." Then after a silent period, he peacefully passed away, it is reverently believed, to join that multitude "who have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

GEORGE MORRIS,

32 7 1 mo. 1875

Son of James and Matilda Morris of Middlesborough, but born in Limerick.

This young man was lost at sea under somewhat singular circumstances. He was serving as second mate on board the brig Jane Emily of Bridgewater, Robert Foster master, on a voyage

from Buenos Ayres to the West Indies: and whilst lying-to in a furious gale in the South Atlantic on the 4th of First month, in lat. 38. 1 N. long. 38. 25 W., the vessel shipped a sea which carried all before it, broke the rudder and stern-post adrift, and the pumps not being sufficient to keep the ship free from water, she was ultimately abandoned. On the 5th inst. the barque King Oscar from Kragero in Norway hove in sight; and bearing down, rescued all on board. But this deliverance was followed by another catastrophe. Only two days afterwards, George Morris was conversing with Captain Foster on deck of the barque, when a sea broke over this vessel also, and carried them both overboard. The captain succeeded in regaining the ship, but George Morris was never seen again.

CATHERINE MORRIS, 91 29 1 mo. 1875

*Clontarf, Dublin.* Widow of Samuel Morris.

MARY MOUNSEY, 79 18 9 mo. 1875

*Bishop Wearmouth.*

JAMES MUSKETT, 81 18 2 mo. 1875

*Attlebury, Norfolk.* An Elder.

DEBORAH NAISH, 64 19 7 mo. 1875

*Chorlton, Manchester.* Widow of Robert Naish.

JOHN NAISH, *Yatton.* 88 13 9 mo. 1875

MARGARET NASH, 53 21 12 mo. 1874

*Manchester.* Widow of Thomas Nash.

SUSANNA NEAVE, 57 18 5 mo. 1875

*Woodbridge.* An Elder. Widow of Gundry Neave.

In preparing an account of this meek and humble follower of the Lord Jesus, we are reminded of the declaration that "the memory of the just is blessed;" as the savour of her consistent walk, through a long course of years, and often through deep trials, arises with sweetness. It is not to exalt the creature that we write of her, but to magnify the grace and power by which she was what she was, in the hope that other pilgrims Zionward may be helped on their way, and our God and Saviour glorified.

She was the eldest daughter of Joseph Markes and Mercy Green, of Saffron Walden, and was born in 1798. In early life she had precious visitations of the Holy Spirit; but it would seem the conflicts through which she passed were deep and long, before she made that full surrender of heart and life that the Lord called for. In Third month, 1820, she writes in her journal—"My thoughts have too often been engaged in frivolous things, instead of those of high moment. When will the little temple of my

heart be cleared of its idols, and become a fit place for the Lord Jesus to dwell in? Oh! what do I say? Is it possible that this wicked heart should ever become holy? With God all things are possible. I can only say, "Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner." So deeply sensible was she of the corrupt nature of her own heart, that it was difficult for her to realize her sufficiency to be of God; though the future proved that she had accepted Christ as her Saviour, and that He was precious to her soul.

In the year 1833, she was married to Gundry Neave, and went to reside at Leiston in Suffolk. Here, through a long course of years, her quiet consistent life bore much fruit to the glory and praise of God. Her poor neighbours found in her a warm friend and wise counsellor; whose steady light and loving spirit directed them to Jesus Christ as their Saviour and Helper, and whose sympathizing heart was ever ready to enter into their tales of woe. Placed at the head of a large and mixed family, she endeared herself to those under her care, and exerted an influence for good that cannot be fully estimated. And when it pleased our Heavenly Father to give her sons of her own, in addition to the motherless little one she had taken as hers, there was the earnest

prayerful endeavour to train them up "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." While her lot was one of much trial and responsibility, she was made a blessing to many; and in the little meeting to which she belonged, which for many years was held generally in silence, the influence of her spirit was sweetly felt. It was always a pleasure to her to receive the Lord's messengers, and to further the work they had in hand. Her cheerful and interesting manner amongst her younger relatives and friends endeared her to all; one of them writing since her decease says, "Dear aunt was one whose richly-cultivated mind, and her aptitude in imparting her knowledge to the young, made any place interesting, and gave a brightness, all her own, to the dullest hour." The widow of a clergyman of the Church of England, who when quite young was intimate with her, writes: "Dear Mrs. Neave was indeed one of my truest Christian friends, during my early life in Christ's service at Leiston. Many a happy half-hour have I spent with her, in her quiet room, sitting together at Jesus' feet. Oh, how sincerely we can give thanks, when such a one enters the Heavenly Rest!"

She always felt herself to be one of the most unworthy of the Lord's flock, and often deplored

her own short-comings. At the close of 1834 she writes "Oh! how have the cares of life, which have been earnestly attended to as duties through the present year, drawn me from the steady pursuit of the one thing needful; and though I trust I can still appeal to Him who seeth the heart, and say "Thou knowest that I love Thee," yet how little have I proved my love, by seeking to know His will, and endeavouring to obey it! Lord! I am all weakness, but Thou art strength. Be pleased to enable me to follow Thee in singleness of heart, and if another year is allotted me, oh! help me to spend it to Thy glory."

In 1857 she was appointed to the station of Elder by Woodbridge Monthly Meeting; respecting which she writes, "How awful for one so little spiritually minded as I am! like Martha, troubled about many things." A few years later—"Some six or seven years ago, I was often thinking of those words of our blessed Saviour—'The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few, pray ye therefore,' and I did pray for more labourers; little thinking how the prayer might affect myself,—that my first-born son would be sent across the mighty deep to help to gather in the harvest. \* \* \* And shall I dare to detain him? oh! no. But wilt Thou, O God,

who art of infinite compassion, enable me to bear the separation ; or, if it be Thy holy will, prepare me to give up this mortal life, and for Jesus' sake grant a reunion where partings never come."

For some years feebleness had increased upon her, especially after leaving the business house at Leiston, and settling at Woodbridge; but this became more decided on the occasion of her dear husband's illness and decease. At one time both lay prostrate, and it seemed doubtful which would be the survivor.\* As soon as she was able she left Woodbridge, never to return to it as a residence. She paid a long visit to her step-son and his wife at Leiston, and seemed much to enjoy being with them and her grandchildren; but finally accepted the offer of her dear sister Priscilla Green, and spent the last few years with her at Saffron Walden. Every year there was a marked decay of strength, and early in 1872 she had a serious illness: but was permitted to recover to some extent, and had the great comfort of welcoming home the son before alluded to, after an absence of nearly five years.

Near the close of 1874, she went upstairs for the last time, and the trial of her illness was greatly augmented by the increased failure of

\* See *Annual Monitor* for 1872.

mental power. Prior to this time she had not been to meeting for more than three years. She often expressed a desire to have this privilege, when it was evident she was quite unequal to it; and for many months previously, it was painful to observe how great was the effort to come down stairs, and how much lessened her power for the quiet pursuits she had been wont to enjoy. But the mercy and goodness of God never failed, and His faithfulness was proved in the deep and dark waters through which she was permitted to pass. Many were the occasions of lively interest to her connections, when she would allude very humbly to her spiritual condition; often under some discouragement, in a sense of the holiness without which we are told "No man shall see the Lord."

On the 13th of Second month, 1875, after hearing part of a letter from M. B. B., she said that the promise quoted was a sweet one, "All things shall work together for good to them that love God:" but added, that these things were too good for her, she knew not how to be comforted by them, saying, "I want you to tell me of the blessed Saviour." She spoke of her want of assurance, and that some had so much joy. Passages of scripture were quoted to comfort her, and she asked for Jane Crewdson's last lines—

“ Oh Saviour, I have nought to plead,  
In earth beneath or Heaven above,  
But just my own exceeding need,  
And Thy exceeding love.  
The need will soon be past and gone,  
Exceeding great, but quickly o'er;  
The love unbought is all Thy own,  
And lasts for evermore.”

After they were repeated she said, “ I have certainly no trust but in my Saviour. If I trusted in my own works, I don't know what would become of me. I hope I shall not be permitted to dishonour Him.” The difficulty of concentrating her thoughts troubled her; and on the promise being repeated, “ Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out,” she said, “ sometimes I even doubt whether I have come to Him.” On being reminded that though she might doubt her own love to the Saviour, we were not saved by *that*, but by His exceeding love to us, she said “ Yes! we love Him *because* He first loved us,” and added that she “ would not give up her hope of Heaven for anything,” and, “ I trust I have a well-grounded hope of Heaven.” Her children and grandchildren were much on her mind, earnestly desiring their best welfare. She often liked to have a chapter or a hymn read to

her; and once remarked that the Holy Scriptures were never before so striking to her, and that passages sometimes recurred with remarkable force.

On the 21st of Third month, when sadly tried with confused ideas, she uttered the touching petition, "Most merciful and loving Father, oh! keep the things that belong to my peace for me,—I do not seem able to see them." Her nights were mostly very restless, and the anticipation of them very trying, and she would often pray for help:—once in these words,—“Gracious Father, Thou only canst help us through the night, we cannot help ourselves,—undertake for us. Most loving Father, give me patience.” Again on the 20th of Fourth month, she said,—“Pray that I may be preserved in patience and submission, and enabled to bear all the suffering He lays on me.” About this time, “Oh! if I could praise Him, if there was but the ability to render Him a little praise.” On the 28th, “Oh Heavenly Father, grant me patience, that I may not be overcome by these trials, and so not enabled to glorify Thee in the fires.”

Nearer the end of life the seasons of delirium were longer, and the restlessness distressing both to herself and those around her, but times of

consciousness were mercifully granted till within a few days of the close. When these appeared to have ceased, the soul, as from the border land, spoke to us through the wreck of mental and physical powers. Once she entreated,—“ Oh ! come, come, come ! ”—and then queried “ who answers ? ” adding, “ One who has passed through all the sorrows of humanity.” More than fifty years before, the following lines, feelingly descriptive of her state at this time, were penned in her note book.

“ When pain o’erclouds the speaking eye  
Where beams of intellect were bright,  
How sweet beyond the gloom to spy  
A ray of pure and peaceful light !  
Evincing that a Heavenly Guest  
Is dwelling in the sufferer’s breast.”

Two days before she died, she repeatedly made allusion to “ the Rock,” and once said, “ My oxen and my fatlings are killed, and all things are ready,” adding “ prepared, prepared ! ”

On the 18th of Fifth month, about 5.40 p.m., we reverently believe she entered, arrayed in the wedding garment, into His presence whom she had loved and followed in the days of her pilgrimage. The language arose in some hearts, and was expressed before leaving the chamber, “ Thanks

be unto God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." The remains were interred at Leiston beside those of her husband.

EDITH ELIZABETH NEWRICK,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  18 10 mo. 1874  
*Darlington.* Daughter of James A. and Elizabeth Newrick.

WILLIAM C. B. NEWRICK, 75 12 3 mo. 1875  
*Darlington.*

LUCY NEWSOM, *Cork.* 27 19 6 mo. 1875  
Wife of John Charles Newsom, and daughter of Hudson and Elizabeth Scott of Carlisle.

Believing a memorial of this youthful mother, called in the bloom of life away from a beloved husband and young family, and from loving friends and neighbours, might be acceptable to many who knew and loved her, it is presented to the reader as another illustration of our Saviour's words of warning, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh." In the early removal of this beloved one we are taught there is a wisdom infinitely above our limited vision;—that this world is not our rest, and that we may, at any moment, be called to a higher service, even when the precious circle of home duty and motherly care may appear to us the most lovely and indispensable.

From early childhood she was distinguished

by sincerity and conscientiousness. In this respect, the brightness of her example and her loving watchfulness made her as a minister for good to her associates. Ready at all times to enter into sympathy with others, it was her delight to be engaged in any little errand of love, to work for the poor, or to teach the ignorant.

She was married to John C. Newsom of Cork, in the Fourth month, 1868, in her twentieth year. In this new relation of life, and enlarged responsibility, those traits and graces of Christian discipleship were more fully developed, which, as the hidden man of the heart, reveal the source from which they spring, and which so largely obtained the cherished love of all her friends, and of her poor Roman Catholic neighbours.

She often visited the latter in gospel love to relieve their temporal wants in sickness, and to seek their spiritual welfare in any way that she found was not opposed to their prejudices. After morning scripture reading in her own family, she would go to the servants of the household, to read the Douay or Roman Catholic version of the Bible, to those who were forbidden to listen to the reading of the Protestant Bible. When visiting the sick she would take with her the Douay version, and thus was welcomed to read, or to

engage in prayer for them. To some who durst not listen to the words of a Protestant hymn as such, she would enquire, "would you like me to sing you a spiritual song?" and in this attractive way the words of a Saviour's love would be listened to, the prejudiced and closed ear become open to hear, and the loving Protestant visitor would thus be received, and blessed as she left their abode.

Lucy Newsom died after a brief illness of ten days (from scarlet fever supervening) two days after her confinement of her fourth child. When the dangerous nature of her illness was made known to her, no fear of the future was shown. She repeated to her alarmed and sorrowing husband those words of hallowed trust and faith—"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee; because he trusteth in Thee." Such abiding trust proved her unfailing support to the end. Much was not expressed during this period; but, in a letter written to a young friend only a few weeks before, on the early death of a cousin of the latter who was about her own age, she wrote—"Is not this death a loud call for us all to have *our* lamps trimmed, and *we ourselves ready* for the heavenly summons?" It is the assurance and abiding consolation of

sorrowing ones left behind, that, as a servant in waiting, looking for her Lord, she *was* ready and prepared to meet Him, to sing for ever the angelic anthem of redeeming love.

ISABELLA NICHOLSON, 76 20 5 mo. 1875  
*Richhill.*

CATHARINE NOAKES, 69 17 9 mo. 1875  
*Brixton.* Wife of Richard Noakes.

WILLIAM NORRIS, 82 11 1 mo. 1875  
*Coalbrookdale.*

SARAH HALL NORRIS, 71 5 2 mo. 1875  
*Berkhempstead.* An Elder. Wife of Daniel Norris.

CAROLINA NORTON, 76 28 1 mo. 1875  
*Peckham Rye.* Widow of Thomas Norton.  
A Minister.

It is pleasant to look back on the Christian course of this dear friend, engaged from season to season for forty-seven out of the nearly seventy-seven years of her long life, as a recorded Minister of the gospel among us. She often enjoyed a large measure of religious joy and peace: and her fervent exhortations, both at home, and when travelling in the ministry, were much valued; whether during her residence in Yorkshire as Carolina Harris, or after her removal to the south on her marriage with the late Thomas Norton.

Through life she was a loving and sympathizing friend : her ministry clear and comforting, especially to those in affliction, or when nearing eternity. Her services in this respect among her own family were greatly appreciated, tending as they did to lead those she loved to Him who had been her stay through life, and of whom in her last hours she testified—"my only hope is in the mercy of God in Christ Jesus—*my* Lord and *my* God."

WILLIAM ODDIE, *Liverpool*. 38 6 2 mo. 1875

HANNAH ORD, *Rawdon*. 43 25 11 mo. 1874

This dear Friend will long be remembered with respect and affection by a large number of young people, who were the objects of her care during the time she held the post of governess at Rawdon school. The committee remark in their report, that "for nearly twenty-two of the thirty-nine years the girls' school has been in existence, she proved herself an efficient, conscientious and faithful officer ; exercising a kind and judicious care of the girls." Her removal was very sudden ; but though she did not say much as to her spiritual condition, her friends have the consoling belief, that "oil in the vessel with the lamp" was not wanting when the call came. "Be ye ready also, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man may come."

JANE OSTLE,	72	14	6 mo.	1875
<i>Beckfoot, Cumberland. Wife of Dan Ostle.</i>				
SUSAN OTWAY,	80	21	1 mo.	1875
<i>Grange Lodge, Richhill.</i>				
HENRY TYLOR PACE,	31	9	11 mo.	1874
<i>Upper Clapton, London. Son of Edmund Pace.</i>				
WILLIAM PARSONS, <i>Penryn.</i>	75	30	7 mo.	1875
HANNAH PATTISON,	79	31	5 mo.	1875
<i>Kettering. Widow of Ephraim Pattison.</i>				
JOHN WELLS PAYNE,	52	3	3 mo.	1875
<i>Church Brampton.</i>				
JANE PEACE,	39	14	10 mo.	1874
<i>Cumberworth, Highflatts.</i>				
SARAH PEARCE, <i>Derby.</i>	40	2	2 mo.	1875
JONATHAN PEARSON,	52	3	2 mo.	1875
<i>Station Hill, Wigton. An Elder.</i>				
WILLIAM PEET,	75	15	12 mo.	1874
<i>Dublin. Son of George Peet of Youghal.</i>				
MARK PHILLIPS,	78	28	5 mo.	1875
<i>Rastrick, near Brighthouse.</i>				
JONATHAN GREENWOOD PIM,	69	14	12 mo.	1874
<i>Easton Lodge, Monkstown, Dublin.</i>				
ANNA SOPHIA PIM,	61	8	3 mo.	1875
<i>Moyallon, near Gilford, County Down. Wife of George C. Pim.</i>				
JOHN PIM, <i>Wandsworth.</i>	81	9	8 mo.	1875

MARY PIM,	73	23	9 mo.	1875
<i>Mountmellick. Widow of Thomas Thacker Pim.</i>				
THOMAS POOLEY,	59	26	3 mo.	1875
<i>Tatham, near Melliny, Bentham.</i>				
HANNAH CHRISTIANA PRICE,	86	16	2 mo.	1875
<i>Clifton, near Bristol. A Minister.</i>				
ROBERT PULLAN,	77	16	11 mo,	1874
<i>Morley, near Leeds.</i>				
KATHARINE PULLYN,	90	30	1 mo.	1875
<i>Great Yarmouth.</i>				
REBECCA PUMPHREY,	61	5	6 mo.	1875
<i>Worcester.</i>				
SARAH PURDY,	39	13	4 mo.	1875
<i>Grange, near Moy. Wife of John Purdy.</i>				
SUSAN JANE PURDY,	6	mos.	1 12 mo.	1874
<i>Infant child of the above.</i>				
ELIZABETH RANSOME,	36	9	2 mo.	1875
<i>Rushmere Cottage, Wandsworth. Wife of Edwin Rayner Ransome.</i>				
JAMES ALLEN RANSOME,	68	29	4 mo.	1875
<i>Ipswich.</i>				
ANN RECKITT,	78	27	3 mo.	1875
<i>Hull. Widow of Isaac Reckitt.</i>				
EDWIN ARTHUR RICHARDSON,	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	21	4 mo.	1875
<i>Bardfield. Son of Arthur Richardson.</i>				
CALEB RICHARDSON,	79	24	4 mo.	1875
<i>Bishop Wearmouth.</i>				

MARION RICHARDSON, 21 13 7 mo. 1875  
*Moyallon.* Daughter of John Grubb and Jane  
M. Richardson.

EBENEZER RICHARDSON, 52 19 7 mo. 1875  
*Darlaston, near Wednesbury.*

ELIZABETH RICHARDSON, 49 2 9 mo. 1875  
*Old Shildon.* Wife of James Richardson.

GEORGE PETERS RICKMAN, 90 1 5 mo. 1875  
*Charlbury, formerly of Reading.*

Though this aged friend spent the last few years at Charlbury, it was but the short evening of a long and busy life, spent not in the pursuit of wealth and worldly honour, but in the humble yet practical walks of true benevolence. From 1784 to 1874 and even longer, is no mean span of life on earth, and during the most of that period, George Peters Rickman is said to have been as well known to the inhabitants of Reading as any one, and very generally esteemed.

He was the son of Joseph Rickman; a Minister in the Society of Friends, residing at Lewes in Sussex. After a course of school instruction at Ackworth, he went apprentice to a silk weaver in Reading. Fond of books he put by his youthful savings to procure them, and he was anxious to secure a double benefit by lending them to others for perusal. In this way, as his

own tastes were on the side of religious truth and active philanthropy, he endeavoured to promote the cause of both. The time we speak of was prior to the age of tract societies, by which the same end is aimed at more economically, and of which he afterwards very largely availed himself. Not only in visiting from house to house, but the passengers by stage coaches and the humbler travellers by stage waggons, were the constant objects of his attention. During the interval of changing horses, a small book would be offered, "something that will interest thee:"—and as George Rickman was of a lively mind, some little act of kindness, or play of innocent humour, often accompanied the gift and secured its acceptance. In these attempts to do good he was most persevering: it was a part of his religion, of his Christianity, willing to work in small efforts, if he had not the field for larger ones.

And he was a man of tender and susceptible heart. It is related that his visits to the stage waggons which drew up at the Anchor public house, were stopped by the accident of a little girl losing her balance, as she reached too far for one of his tracts, by which she fell out of the waggon, and was taken up dead! He was so shocked that for some months he could not

recover his usual cheerfulness ; and for seven years after, he was never seen to pass the Anchor corner again.

His feelings were strongly enlisted in the Abolition of Negro Slavery. Besides dispersing all kinds of anti-slavery papers, and giving up the use of slave-grown sugar, he was very serviceable in organizing meetings, agitating the question, and standing conspicuously by those who were able to advocate the cause by public speaking.

But his perseverance and energy were for forty years largely spent in the cause of Temperance. He had been famous for his home-made grape wine, but having as early as 1836 been convinced of the necessity of total abstinence from fermented as well as distilled liquors, he gave up treating his friends ; and as he poured out the whole of his favourite beverage into the garden, said, " he would wash his hands of the poisonous stuff for ever ! " Being ridiculed by a doctor who told him this teetotal nonsense would bring him to his grave in six months, he replied—" If so, I shall die sober ;—take care of thyself, and when thy Maker calls thee, die sober too." Unhappily the doctor was too fond of his glass, and not many months passed over before he was called away.

Abstinence however was not enough to satisfy

his mind or conscience. Here was a fresh opening to taste "the luxury of doing good." Especially did he set himself to watch over the reclaimed drunkards: visiting them, pleading with them in their homes, getting them to attend Divine worship. One of them, a foundry man, many times fined and imprisoned, declared he should have completely fallen away again and again, but for George Rickman's continual care of him: "he watched me almost by night and by day."

Thus did this Friend in his private and humble labours occupy the talents given him by God, *who gives to all*;—not the talents of wealth or genius, but those of generous sympathies, warm affections, love of truth and righteousness, and brisk activity governed by Christian principle. "For he that in these things serveth Christ is acceptable to God, and approved of men. (Rom. xiv. 18.)

One who has penned a sketch of this unostentatious philanthropist, (from which these facts have been gathered,) observes of his latter days: "Far into old age his natural energy and desire to do good never forsook him. Sometimes however as bodily weakness became more apparent, he was subject to occasional fits of depression ;

and taking a low view of his spiritual attainments, gave way to fears as to his eternal interests. But writing about four years since to an old friend, he said "I have been in a very low spot for a long time, but now I feel ashamed of myself, for having ever mistrusted the goodness and mercy of my gracious Saviour: may I be favoured to trust Him more fully in time to come. I am now very much confined to the house, but my friends are very kind, and I find great comfort from the best of books."

This was after the loss of his second wife, who was upwards of ninety. He withdrew to Charlbury, where much peace and comfort were his portion, with a calm conviction that "he was going to his home in heaven."

MARY ROBERTS, 84 18 12 mo. 1874

*Richhill.* Widow of Robert Roberts.

SAMUEL ROBERTS, 75 3 1 mo. 1875

*Bloomfield, near Dublin.*

LIZZIE ROBERTS, 4 12 1 mo. 1875

*Bridgewater.* Daughter of William Roberts.

ETHEL ROBERTS, 2 $\frac{1}{4}$  16 9 mo. 1874

*Ardmore, Killiney.* Daughter of Alfred and Lucy Roberts.

GEORGE ROBINSON, 65 29 12 mo. 1874

*Bowdon, Manchester.* An Elder.

- SARAH ROBINSON, 88 1 3 mo. 1875  
*Manor House, Crawley.* Widow of John Robinson.
- MATTHEW ROTHWELL, 77 24 10 mo. 1874  
*Rossendale, Crawshawbooth.*
- ELIZABETH H. ROWNTREE, 40 6 7 mo. 1875  
*York.* Wife of John Stephenson Rowntree.  
 Interred at Adel, near Leeds.
- ALICE GOODBODY RUSSELL, 9 27 7 mo. 1875  
*Nahadmores, Moate.* Daughter of Mark G. and Mary Russell.
- JAMES SANDERS, 73 9 6 mo. 1875  
*Dalston, London.* Interred at Stanstead.
- DEBORAH SATTERTHWAITE, 34 9 3 mo. 1875  
*Preston.* Wife of John Satterthwaite.
- GEORGE SEEKINGS, 63 25 6 mo. 1875  
*St. Ives in Huntingdonshire.*
- ESTHER DOROTHY SEWELL, 17 18 9 mo. 1875  
*Whitby.* Daughter of Edward F. Sewell.
- ANN SHARP, *Liverpool.* 69 16 11 mo. 1874
- JOSEPH SHEWELL, 90 3 9 mo. 1875  
*Colchester.* A Minister. Died at Clacton on the Sea.
- JOSEPH SHIPLEY, *Uttoxeter.* 82 11 5 mo. 1875
- MARY SHIPLEY, 80 21 6 mo. 1875  
*Chesterfield.* Widow of John Shipley of Derby.

EBENEZER LEADBEATER SIMMONS,

*London.* An Elder. 84 13 8 mo. 1875

SIDNEY HALFORD SIMMONS, 1 8 9 mo. 1875

*Stoke Newington.* Son of Peter Simmons.

THOMAS SINTON, 73 10 2 mo. 1875

*Greenwood Park, near Belfast, late of Bessbrook.*

MARY ANN SMITH, *Halstead.* 80 7 3 mo. 1875

JAMES SMITH, *Sheffield.* 57 11 6 mo. 1875

DAVID SMITH, 60 14 6 mo. 1875

*The Friars, Bristol.*

ELIZABETH SMITH, 81 25 6 mo. 1875

*Chelmsford.* Wife of Joseph Smith.

SAMUEL WYATT SMITH, 50 18 9 mo. 1875

*Cotham Road, Bristol.* A younger brother of the late Till Adam Smith.

ANN ELIZABETH SOUTHALL, 33 30 1 mo. 1875

*Birmingham.* Wife of William Southall.

ARTHUR LIONEL BARRINGTON SOUTHALL,

*St. John's Wood, London.* 4 24 4 mo. 1875

Son of Norman and Florence Southall.

ELIZA COLLINS SPARKES, 81 4 9 mo. 1875

*Exeter.* Widow of Henry Sparkes.

JOHN MORSE SPARKS, 68 20 7 mo. 1875

*Darlington.* An Elder.

ABIGAIL SPENCER, 45 10 7 mo. 1875

*Sturton, Lincolnshire.* An Elder. Wife of James Spencer.

HENRY SQUIRE, 77 9 9 mo. 1875

*Hertford.* Died in London.

JOHN STEPHENS, 89 4 9 mo. 1875

*Falmouth.* A Minister.

He was born at Hayle in Cornwall on the 4th of Seventh month, 1786, his family having been Friends for many generations. His grandfather's grandfather, also named John Stephens, married in 1679 Mary, the daughter of *Nicholas Jose*, of whom George Fox says in his journal, speaking of the Land's End which he visited in 1659, "there was an honest fisherman convinced, who became a faithful minister of Christ." Again in 1663, "we passed to the Land's End to John Ellis's, where we had a precious meeting. Here was a fisherman, one Nicholas Jose, that was convinced. He spoke in meetings, and declared the truth among the people, and the Lord's power was over all."

In very early manhood our late dear friend was led to seek the Lord; passing for a time through a season of depression in the consideration of his sins; but ere long was comforted by the assurance of the love of God to him through Christ his Saviour. He soon became a diligent visitor of the sick and afflicted, to whom he constantly communicated of his substance how-

ever small ; yet even to the close of his life, he would from time to time speak with regret, of having withheld spiritual comfort through diffidence on these occasions ; such as the reading of a psalm, or the repeating of an encouraging passage of Scripture which had impressed his mind. It is probable that at other times he was more faithful. He had a succession of needy pensioners in his neighbourhood, to whom, while able, he paid a personal visit weekly or monthly, as the case might be, administering temporal and spiritual help : the latter in words few, but truly “seasoned with salt.” “Scores of times,” said a poor man, long afflicted, but for many years apparently inaccessible to religious impressions, yet who died happily a few months before John Stephens,—“scores of times he has stood in this room like an angel, and spoken for our good.” May we not believe, that the seed thus sown in the spirit of true Christian charity, which “hopeth all things and believeth all things,” was permitted to spring up and bear fruit to everlasting life ? John Stephens was also for several years a diligent visitor of the Town Prison and the Sailors’ Home, where his ministrations, though exceedingly simple, were always well received.

At the time of his marriage in 1813, he

settled at Penzance, where he and his wife were the principal supporters of the very small meeting there. The latter died in 1852. In the winter of 1831—2 he removed to Ashfield, near Falmouth, where he resided to the end of his days.

Up to a somewhat advanced age, his voice was but occasionally heard in our meetings, and it was not till the year 1864 that he was recorded as a Minister. After he had passed his eightieth year, he obtained a minute from his Monthly Meeting, to visit some of the small meetings in which he had occasionally sat when travelling on business. Setting out alone, he visited in much simplicity those of Neath, Swansea, Milford, Hereford, Ross, Walton near Leominster, Bridgewater, Wellington, Spiceland, Kingsbridge, &c. He objected to have meetings especially appointed for him, but preferred joining the few attenders on their regular meeting day, with as little reference to himself as possible. In the early part of 1872 in his eighty-sixth year, in company with his kind friend and caretaker Lovell Squire, who united in his concern, he visited most of the friends of his own Monthly Meeting in their families,—in most cases to mutual comfort. From this period he scarcely went beyond his own meeting, of which he was a regular attender while his strength

permitted. He delighted to magnify the Lord's grace and strength, made perfect in our weakness. His prayers were peculiarly reverent, earnestly asking for our souls the Bread and Water of Life, that Christ might be made unto us "wisdom and righteousness, sanctification and redemption."

The winter before his death his powers rapidly failed, and he often appeared low and distressed; but as the summer returned he was again able to enjoy life. He had always loved the beauties of nature, and now all around him seemed to speak of their glorious Creator. "*Beautiful, beautiful,*" he would say, when a fresh nosegay was presented or when a bright morning brought out the lights and shades on the foliage: and he would sit gazing at the sunny meadows, the peaceful cattle, the distant harvest operations,—so suggestive of himself as a shock of corn fully ripe—with the calm enjoyment of one whose work is done. He spoke of the Lord as very near him—"never so near before:"—"Did not our hearts *burn* within us, as He talked with us by the way?"—"Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

The last morning of his life when asked how

he felt, he said, "like the poor prodigal whose Father *ran* to meet him, and fell on his neck and kissed him."

MARY STEPNEY, 69 23 11 mo. 1874  
*Hammersmith.*

SARAH STEPNEY, 58 1 2 mo. 1875  
*Peel Court, Smithfield.* Wife of Thomas  
Mildred Stepney.

CHARLOTTE STEVENS, 66 12 1 mo. 1875  
*London. N.W.*

JANET STEWART, 26 30 8 mo. 1875  
*West Hackney.* Daughter of the late John  
Stewart.

ELIZABETH STOREY, 90 16 1 mo. 1875  
*Winchmore Hill.* Widow of John Storey of  
Sheffield.

JOHN TATHAM, 81 12 1 mo. 1875  
*Settle.* An Elder.

ANN TATHAM, *Rawdon.* 82 12 2 mo. 1875

ELIZABETH TEMLETT, 82 1 2 mo. 1875  
*Cotham, Bristol.* Widow of William Temlett.

ALICE THORP, 76 16 7 mo. 1875  
*Leeds.* Widow of William Thorp.

CHARLOTTE E. THORP, 21 4 9 mo. 1875  
*Stoke Newington.* Daughter of Thomas Thorp.

SUSAN GERTRUDE THOMPSON, 3 17 12 mo. 1874  
*Rathmines.* Daughter of Henry and Susan B.  
Thompson.

ELIZABETH TINION,	82	17	8 mo.	1875
<i>Birmingham.</i> Wife of Thomas Tinion.				
JOSEPH TINLEY,	87	20	5 mo.	1875
<i>Clifton, Bristol.</i>				
LYDIA TREFFRY,	69	1	4 mo.	1875
<i>Bath.</i> Wife of Thomas Treffry.				
THOMAS TRUSTED, <i>Ross.</i>	83	29	3 mo.	1875
ANN TRUSTED,	84	28	7 mo.	1875
<i>Cheltenham.</i> Wife of Benjamin Trusted.				
ALICE MARY TUKE,	25	19	9 mo.	1875
<i>Hitchin.</i> Daughter of James Hack Tuke.				
JAMES TURNER,	76	26	8 mo.	1875
<i>Holmfirth.</i> Died at Fleetwood.				
WILLIAM TYSON,	9	6	2 mo.	1875
<i>Ulverstone.</i> Son of Aaron Tyson.				
WILLIAM RICHARDSON UNTHANK,				
<i>Limerick.</i>	56	11	6 mo.	1874
JOSEPH VENTRESS, <i>York.</i>	61	13	1 mo.	1875
HANNAH WALFORD,	90	20	7 mo.	1875
<i>Neithrop, Banbury.</i> An Elder. Wife of William Walford.				
WILLIAM WALKER,	16	20	6 mo.	1875
<i>Glasgow.</i> Son of Robert Walker.				
JOHN WALSH,	77	14	3 mo.	1875
<i>Thornton Marsh, near Blackpool.</i>				
JOSEPH RUSSELL WARING,	5	5	3 mo.	1875
<i>Boltby, near Thirsk.</i> Son of Isaac and Mary Waring.				

JOSEPH WATSON, *Gateshead*. 68 14 12 mo. 1874

FANNY WATTS, 2 19 4 mo. 1875

PERCY WATTS, 4 18 5 mo. 1875

Children of Henry and Lucy Watts, *Ludlow*.

ELIZABETH WEBSTER, 93 21 11 mo. 1874

*Tottenham*.

MARGARET ELLEN WEST, 7½ 15 10 mo. 1874

*Darlington*. Daughter of Theodore and Margaret West.

ELIZABETH WHEELER, 92 3 3 mo. 1875

*Maidstone*. Widow of Benjamin Wheeler.

SARAH WHITE, 94 29 11 mo. 1874

*Cork*. Widow of John Thomas White.

WALTER WHITE, 71 9 1 mo. 1875

*Rathgar*.

ABIGAIL WHITE, *Bloomfield*. 68 16 1 mo. 1875

REBECCA PIM WHITE, 33 24 6 mo. 1875

*Waterford*. Wife of Samuel White.

JOSEPH WHITEHEAD, 68 14 4 mo. 1875

*Stebbing, Essex*.

JAMES WHITEHEAD, 69 23 4 mo. 1875

*Finchingfield, Essex*.

FANNY WHITING, 36 18 1 mo. 1875

*Worcester*. Daughter of Henry and Mary Whiting.

HENRY WHITTEN, JUNIOR, 10 22 1 mo. 1875

*Newcastle*. Son of Henry and Lucy Whitten.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS, 70 20 9 mo. 1874

*Temple Hill, near Blackrock, Dublin.*

MARY WILLIAMS, *Edenderry.* 77 8 11 mo. 1874

BENJAMIN WILLMORE, 75 6 3 mo. 1875

*Norwich.*

RACHEL WILSON, 79 1 12 mo. 1874

*Rastrick, Brighthouse.* Widow of Thomas Wilson.

ALICIA WILSON, 72 5 1 mo. 1875

*Nottingham.* An Elder. Widow of Benjamin Wilson.

SARAH WILSON, 53 18 3 mo. 1875

*Sunderland.* Wife of Caleb Stansfield Wilson.

The gentle loving disposition of this dear friend, has caused her removal from amongst us to be deeply felt by a large circle of relatives and friends. She was the youngest daughter of Thomas and Mary Pumphrey of Ampthill. The family home was broken up in her fourth year, in consequence of the decease of both parents within six months of each other. She afterwards resided with her aunts at Alcester, who kindly cared for her in her delicate childhood. She removed with them to Worcester soon after leaving school, and in their declining years was their affectionate attendant.

Though always serious and thoughtful, and conscientiously desirous to be conformed to the

Divine will, yet soon after her removal to Sunderland on her marriage in 1857, she was favoured to attain to a more full experience of that joy and peace which is granted to those, who rest with entire confidence on the free mercy of God in Christ Jesus. She was enabled thenceforward (as she expressed it) "to grasp the precious promises more firmly," and to lay hold of the hope set before her in the gospel. In 1860 she writes—"oh for a steady, strong, unwavering faith in Christ my Saviour, to forgive, to help, and to preserve from sin; and for the ability to live under a sense of His presence at all times!"

This simple faith became a marked feature in her Christian life, and caused her to be increasingly earnest for the benefit of those around her. Though feeble in body and subject to attacks of illness, her natural energy, divinely quickened, nerved her with power to engage in much useful work of varied character. A mission meeting for women, which she commenced about the year 1860, continued to be to her a source of much interest, and was a blessing to many. She often went to these meetings when apparently unequal to the exertion, but returned home with a song of thankful joy, for the ability granted to rise above physical infirmity.

Her addresses in the ministry were marked by gentleness combined with power. She appeared especially qualified for family visits, and for advocating the cause of the Lord in the social circle; counting it a privilege to be used as an humble instrument in His hand. She felt much sympathy for her young friends: and many can testify to the help which they have received through religious conversation with her, and from her openness in relating her own experience.

In reference to this subject she writes in 1869,—“I know there are many who long for some one to whom they can impart some of their difficulties,—a sympathizing heart, to whom they can unbosom their sorrows: and I long that the older friends may hold out the right hand towards them, and encourage them to open<sup>ed</sup> out; remembering my own experience (of want of help,) I do believe we might be able to assist some who now feel almost ready to give up.” At an earlier date she says,—“oh that I may be able to steer a right course! I do not wish my young friends to think the service of God gloomy,—but I do wish to show that His yoke is easy, because He gives the strength, and then says ‘well done:’ and also gives a peace which<sup>ed</sup> worldly service does not. Then why should I not be cheerful?”

During the severe winter 1874-5 she was frequently unable to leave the house, but between the attacks of illness she was active and lively in spirit; remarkably so, during the holding in her drawing room of a few meetings of different classes of Christians for mutual edification; which closed only a few days before the commencement of her last illness.

Before retiring to rest on the night of the 5th of Third month, she wrote to a sister in reference to a case of conversion in which they were both interested,—“if we knew more of the joys of salvation and of the blessedness of heaven, together with a sense of the unutterable woe of the death of the sinner, should we not be more earnest in winning souls?” adding a message to another invalid—“Tell her I rejoice that she can rest in Jesus.”

A few hours afterwards the solemn warning came, an attack of paralysis occurring in the early morning. During the twelve days which succeeded, she was preserved in patience and sweet peace. It was a very instructive time to those who had the privilege of attending upon her: articulation was difficult, but thanksgiving and praise were frequently on her lips. \* \* “He is very near, sing Alleluias to Him whose name

is Love." \* \* "He has taken away all my sins; God cannot look upon sin. He looks upon me in Jesus—Bless the Lord." When thus testifying to the goodness of the Lord, she added—"what He has done for me, He will do for you." Again—"Tell the Lord everything, and thank Him for your joys; I have long told Him everything, and He has helped me in all my difficulties and trials." \* \* "I have loved Him for a long time and He will not leave me now,—if I live, He dwells with me, and if I die, I am with Him for ever." \* \* "Almost home! so bright and beautiful! what we cannot know here." \* \* \* "I have testified with my lips, and He has promised to confess me before His Father and the Holy Angels:" she had previously encouraged some who love their Saviour not to be ashamed to confess Him before men; not by word only, but by dedicating their all to Him in cheerful obedience. Her sense of unworthiness, the mercy which was granted, was often her theme as she sought to magnify the power of Divine grace and redeeming love.

"I am a poor sinner and nothing at all,  
But Jesus Christ is my all in all.

*Exalt Him*—He is very near, I do love Him."

Thus was her confiding trust in her crucified

but risen Saviour shown forth to the end, when with more power than was supposed possible, she raised her arm, and looking up exclaimed, "Victory! Victory! Victory!" After this, she recognized her dear husband and those standing around her bed, but the only audible words were "soaring—soaring"—and soon the purified spirit joined the multitude "which no man could number" in singing praises to Him who had redeemed her to God by His own precious blood.

ELIZA WILSON, *Waterford*. 76 6 6 mo. 1875

WILLIAM WILSON, *Ackworth*. 55 22 7 mo. 1875

HANNAH WILSON, 82 13 8 mo. 1875

*Kendal*. A Minister.

Hannah Wilson, widow of the late William Wilson of Kent Terrace, Kendal, was born on the 28th of Third month, 1793, and was the sixth daughter of John and Susanna Jowitt of Leeds. Her life was not one of striking incidents; but being as she believed brought to the knowledge of the Saviour at the age of seven years, her quiet consistent course of Christian dedication, to the close of a long life bore a marked testimony to the truth of the words—"The path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." She was educated at York School, where through her friendly

intimacy with a schoolfellow, her knowledge of Divine truth was much deepened.

She was married at the age of twenty-two ; and during the twenty-five years of their married life, she and her husband were helpers one of another in the Lord, and their labours of love have we believe been a permanent blessing to many. They took an active part in the establishment and conducting of week-day and First-day schools in their own town : amongst which, a First-day school for Friends and Attenders of Meetings was commenced at the Meeting House in 1829, in which Hannah Wilson was a regular teacher. A Scripture Meeting was held weekly at their house for about twelve years, and there are many who look back to these occasions as privileged times of spiritual instruction. The little meetings in the Yorkshire dales shared their care, and they were helpful in establishing First-day Schools there, and supplying them with copies of the Scriptures.

Hannah Wilson took a deep interest in the labours of the Bible Society. For many years she was President of the Ladies' Association in Kendal. The supplying of the hotels and lodging houses in the town with Bibles and Testaments, was more than once undertaken at her suggestion.

Her interest in the Anti-Slavery cause was unfailing. In later years the freed men in the United States had her warm sympathy, and many will remember the large parties at her house of earnest workers for their benefit. The efforts for the spread of Temperance and Peace had her heartfelt co-operation: she having a very deep sense of the misery and sinfulness of war. She felt it a great privilege to give pecuniary aid according to her means to many works of charity: and set before her children in their early years the duty of giving, even out of their very small possessions.

During a great part of 1837-8 and 9 she was laid aside by serious indisposition; and soon after her recovery, she was called to pass through severe trial in the removal of her beloved husband, who died at Harrogate on the 5th of Eighth month, 1840. Being thus left a widow, she rested herself and family, in simple confidence, on the loving care of the Father of the fatherless and Judge of the widow: trying as she often said to live a day at a time, not daring to look forward. Many times throughout the thirty-five years of her widowhood she has blessed the Lord, that day by day He has helped her, and enabled her to rejoice in His faithfulness and truth, amid the

various scenes through which he has guided her in safety. In later years she wrote to her daughter when one of the grandchildren was leaving for school:—"It brings to my remembrance past days, when alone with my boys, packing up for them one after another for their departure for school. I knelt with each, and committed them to the care of the Good Shepherd: and how graciously has He answered my petitions! May you, my beloved children, be alike blessed in your dear boy, and those who may follow in his course."

For several years she was a recorded Minister in the Society of Friends: and many can testify to the help that her loving and earnest words, and her fervent prayers, were to them; whilst her sympathies were emphatically world-wide, and she took an interest in the work of the Lord, carried on by His children of whatever name. She evinced *especial* pleasure in listening to any tidings of Christian work in connection with the Society of which she was a member, and read with deep interest the letters from those who had gone out as missionaries, greatly rejoicing in the increased interest taken of late years in this cause. She felt much for those who were isolated from their fellow-Christians. Many are the weary

ones in this and distant lands who have been strengthened, and the sorrowing ones comforted, by her letters, reminding them of a Saviour's love and sympathy. To one of her grandchildren she wrote Sixth month, 1874,—“ What can I ask for thee, my beloved grandchild, more than I have asked? but that having through grace been enabled to choose the things that are excellent, it may be thy happy experience so to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ, as to be kept from setting bounds to the obedience He requires, both in words and actions. Then I trust He designs thee to be one of His servants, and a helper of others in the glorious cause of the gospel.” \* \*

Many will remember her loving hospitality, the simplicity of which enabled her the more readily to extend it to a large circle. Whatever her company was, she generally concluded the visit with reading the Bible, and prayer. She frequently mentioned her fears lest late hours in young people's parties should become so frequent, as to interfere with their private devotions. Her desire in little as well as in great things to do the will of her Heavenly Father, was apparent in her great care in the use of language. She had a decided objection to the habit of exaggeration, and the

use of strong expressions, now so prevalent; and a few weeks before her death she sent a special message to her young relatives, wishing them to guard against it. She was always careful to avoid speaking evil of any one; and desired whenever possible to put a favourable construction on the actions of others. It was her custom morning and evening in private prayer, specially to mention by name each of her children and grandchildren; and these earnest pleadings at the throne of grace we doubt not brought down rich blessings upon them.

In the autumn of 1873, severe illness removed her from active life; and in the great suffering and weariness which were her portion, she was enabled to glorify her Lord by much patience and gentleness; realizing His power to sustain her in un murmuring submission to His will, which ripened towards the close into thankful acquiescence in it. Those who were with her during this period, can bear testimony to the frequent expression of her simple trust in the merits of her dear Saviour. At one time she said, alluding to her weakness, "I am a poor thing; but what a comfort it is that we have nothing to bring, and every thing to receive!" and again,—

“ Nothing in my hand I bring,

Simply to Thy cross I cling ”—“ that’s the rock ! ”

She often spoke of the joy of meeting the loved ones who had gone before, and especially of joining her beloved husband and daughter. The one family in heaven and earth, was to her ever a delightful thought. On hearing the passage read from John xiv. 13, “ Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son,” she remarked—“ A high object, that *we* should have the blessing, that the *Father* may have the glory.” To one of her grand-daughters, after alluding to some benevolent work in which she had been engaged, she quoted the words, “ God has a work for you to do, see that no one else do it ; God has a crown for you to wear, see that no one else wear it ”—adding, “ I have such abundance of blessings and comforts, that there seems no room to stop praising ; and *especially* the blessing of eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

On the morning of the last day of her life, after taking leave of her faithful attendants, she requested one of the family to offer prayer : saying, “ I want to spend what little breath is still allowed me, in praise.” She spoke but little during the remainder of the day, being much

exhausted: and as the end drew near said to those around her, "I should like to sleep, I am so tired." In a short time her desire was granted, as she fell asleep in Jesus about half-past six o'clock on the evening of the 13th.

Thus ended the life of one devoted to her Master's service, who trusted not in any way to her own works, but to His precious blood that cleansed her from all sin; made comely through His comeliness put upon her, and so bringing forth fruit and fragrance to His praise.

JOSEPH WOOD, *Brighton*. 52 18 10 mo. 1874

FIRTH WOODHEAD, 63 26 12 mo. 1874

*Smithdown Road, Liverpool.*

GEORGE WOODHEAD, 70 14 2 mo. 1875

*Foulstone, near Huddersfield.*

NEVILL FULLER WOODROW, 82 4 1 mo. 1875

*Brixton, formerly of Great Yarmouth.*

ANN WOOLSTON, 66 4 5 mo. 1875

*Doddington, near Wellingbro'. Wife of Daniel Woolston.*

REBECCA WORTH, 65 28 11 mo. 1874

*Crewe. Wife of Daniel Worth.*

Rebecca Worth was a friend in humble circumstances, but of exemplary character, and one who looked forward to the better and more enduring inheritance. Her last illness was of

four weeks' duration. A friend who several times visited her, attracted by a feeling of Christian fellowship, and with a view also to strengthen her soul in God, and in the blessed promises of the gospel, observes that he always went away with the feeling, that she had imparted more consolation and strength to himself than he to her. Her theme was—"all is mercy—all is love." Speaking once of the Psalmist's description of the way to the grave being a dark valley, she exclaimed—"no dark valley to me, Samuel; for it is lighted up by my dear Saviour." Discoursing on her past experience, she said "I have all my life long tried to live near my God and Saviour:—and although not much able to mingle with my friends at meeting—(she lived three miles off)—I have often found my Saviour to be near me, and we have had good meetings together: and I now feel He will not leave me nor forsake me."

The clergyman at Crewe often called in to see her, and acknowledged to a Friend that he had been deeply instructed by his visits to her bedside. Such was the impression on his mind, that about a week after her decease, he preached a funeral sermon to his congregation on the bright experiences of this dying Christian woman.

SARAH WRATHALL,	63	29	12 mo.	1874
<i>Elland, near Brighouse.</i>	Wife of William			
Wrathall.				
RICHARD WREFORD, <i>Bristol.</i>	88	31	10 mo.	1874
REBECCA WRIGHT, <i>Highflatts.</i>	84	18	12 mo.	1874
MARIA WRIGHT,	24	21	3 mo.	1875
<i>Bury St. Edmunds.</i>				
ANN WRIGHT,	90	13	9 mo.	1875
<i>Bury St. Edmunds.</i>	An Elder.			

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*INFANTS whose Names are not inserted.*

Under one month .....	Boys	4	...	Girls	1
From one to three months ...	do.	3	...	do.	2
From three to six months ...	do.	1	...	do.	4
From six to twelve months ...	do.	4	...	do.	3

N.B.—The number of Friends at the last returns being in Great Britain 14,199, and in Ireland 2,935, total 17,134, and the deaths in our Register 346, give approximately 20·19 deaths per 1000 per annum.

**TABLE,**  
*Shewing the Deaths, at different Ages, in the Society of Friends, in Great Britain and Ireland, during the Years 1872—73, 1873—74, and 1874—75.*

AGE.	YEAR 1872—73.			YEAR 1873—74.			YEAR 1874—75.		
	Male.	Female.	Total.	Male.	Female.	Total.	Male.	Female.	Total.
Under 1 year* .....	14	14	28	9	6	15	12	10	22
Under 5 years .....	23	30	53	15	13	28	21	20	41
From 5 to 10 years..	2	1	3	2	4	6	5	4	9
" 10 to 15 " ..	3	3	6	0	6	6	3	2	5
" 15 to 20 " ..	3	1	4	1	7	8	3	3	6
" 20 to 30 " ..	10	10	20	9	12	21	2	10	12
" 30 to 40 " ..	12	12	24	6	6	12	11	17	28
" 40 to 50 " ..	6	11	17	4	6	10	8	8	16
" 50 to 60 " ..	18	11	29	13	21	34	17	7	24
" 60 to 70 " ..	30	26	56	25	37	62	26	37	63
" 70 to 80 " ..	28	39	67	38	38	76	39	45	84
" 80 to 90 " ..	15	32	47	11	20	31	22	27	49
" 90 to 100 " ..	2	3	5	1	4	5	0	9	9
All ages.....	152	179	331	125	174	299	157	189	346

\*The numbers in this series are included in the next, "under 5 years."

Average age in 1872—73, .. 51 years, 5 months, and 5 days.

Average age in 1873—74, .. 55 years, 1 month, and 11 days.

Average age in 1874—75, .. 55 years, 5 months, and 15 days.

S A M U E L F O X ,

AGED 80 YEARS.

FORMERLY OF TOTTENHAM.

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Among the prominent and useful members of the Yearly Meeting in London, whose seats are year by year becoming vacant by death, must now be numbered our much esteemed friend Samuel Fox of Falmouth, formerly of Tottenham. For about thirty years, when residing near London, he took no small share in all the important transactions of the Society of Friends; labouring diligently not only in the local meetings for discipline, but as a member of the Meeting for Sufferings, and on many of its special committees. His judgment, always well considered and influential, was expressed with weight and dignity; and when engaged, on two occasions, in the arduous and responsible work of revising the printed extracts from our Yearly Meeting's Epistles, which are now embodied in a volume of "Doctrine, Practice and Discipline,"—the part he took was marked by an earnest desire to uphold the standard of our faith and practice, and

promote love and unity among us as a Christian brotherhood.

He was born in 1794 at Wellington in Somersetshire, and passed his childhood in a large united family, under Christian training in habits of self-denial and regard for the happiness of others. It has been said of him that his filial affection and reverence were striking, and are thought under the influence of Divine grace to have deepened his reverence for his Father in heaven, as evinced in his religious engagements, and especially in vocal prayer.

It would be interesting to other Christian travellers on the same pathway, to trace the steps by which he was led until the period in his early manhood, when he publicly came forward as a Minister of the gospel; but with characteristic humility he has preserved no written record of his spiritual course, either at this or a later period of his life. We do know however, that he dedicated himself whilst yet in the freshness of his youth and strength to the service of his Lord and Master; and that he was enabled faithfully to bear the heat and burden of the day until the shadows of evening gathered around him, and his sun went down in brightness.

Simultaneously with his being recorded as an

approved Minister in 1827, he received a certificate of the unity of his friends, for paying a visit to the Yearly Meeting of Dublin and the Half-Yearly Meeting in Wales. The same year at the age of thirty-three, he was married to Maria Middleton, with whom he was closely united in many gospel labours for a period of seventeen years. On removing to the neighbourhood of London in 1837, and in the following year settling at Tottenham, they were especially desirous to seek counsel of God; and waiting for His guidance, it is believed He did indeed lead them into their right allotment.

The name of our dear friend is so well known, in connexion with the philanthropic movements in which Friends have been interested during the last fifty years, that it seems unnecessary to mention all the societies that had his support and assistance; but the cause of Total Abstinence from all intoxicating liquors should be specified as being very near his heart. Uniting himself as he did with the early promoters of the movement, at a period when it was looked upon as Utopian even by the majority of Friends, he said near the close of his life, that in looking back he felt that his labours in this cause gave him "unqualified satisfaction."

His privileges as a member for some years of the committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society were highly prized by him, and his being placed in the office of a Trustee to that invaluable institution was a tribute to the evident integrity of his character. He was Treasurer to the Friends' Tract Association, and a careful reviser of its tracts, both printed and in manuscript. He kept a well chosen supply in his own house, which was largely drawn on by his friends ; and many are the instances which they could relate of his kind and judicious selection to meet particular cases.

Samuel Fox was ever a promoter of Peace, both in its more extended bearing as affecting the interests of nations as well as in the daily affairs of life, not unfrequently taking to himself the blessed office of Peacemaker. He was one of a deputation of Friends who waited on Lord Aberdeen and Sir Robert Peel, at the time that the Oregon question threatened a war between England and America, with an earnest appeal in favour of an amicable settlement.

To the end of his life he diligently and reverently studied the Holy Scriptures, which were his delight and refreshment ; and he enjoyed uniting with his friends in social evening gather-

ings for this purpose. His gracious welcome when these meetings were held at his hospitable house will long be remembered, as well as the fervour with which he not unfrequently asked the Divine blessing on the evening's engagement.

It may be well not to pass over in silence some of the points connected with his domestic life. As a master he was admirably just and kind, carrying order and method even into his minor pursuits; a sympathizer with the honest and often discouraged toilers around him; tenderly cheerful and playful with little children; very diligent in the employment of time, and aiming almost to the end of life at the cultivation of his mind by useful and varied reading. As an early riser he was able to secure the more leisure for home pursuits, and for the walks which he loved among the beauties of nature surrounding his dwelling.

Our dear friend drank deeply himself of the cup of sorrow in the loss of his first beloved wife, and of his two elder sons; and therefore was the more fitted, as he was always ready, to go to them who needed sympathy, and to tell them that he had experienced, when the waves of sorrow rose highest, that the waters had not been permitted to overwhelm, but that the voice of Jesus saying

“It is I, be not afraid” might be heard by the patient and submissive sufferer; and should be treasured up for comfort, during seasons when there might not be so full a sense of His presence. In 1849 his domestic happiness was renewed by his marriage to Charlotte Fox of Falmouth, a union fraught with blessing to both.

He retired from business in 1857; considering that having attained a moderate competence, it was right for him to devote much of his time to religious and philanthropic objects. His day's work appeared ever to keep pace with the day, in his watchful and happy domestic life, in his business and his charities, and especially in the affairs of the section of the church to which he belonged. When any course of action seemed to be desirable, he was always anxious that as little delay as possible should be permitted; and his thoughts, time and money were all brought into earnest requisition for the accomplishment of the object. His far-seeing liberality of mind was equally remarkable. Deeply attached to the principles and practice of the Society of Friends, proposals for modifying some of its regulations did not startle him. He gave the full force of his mind to their consideration; and was ready cheerfully to assent to alterations which appeared likely to

conduce to the benefit of the community.

In 1866 he removed to Falmouth for the latter years of his life; and here, as in each of his former residences, his labours in his own Religious Society were constant. Both by his ministry and living example, he sought to encourage among his fellow worshippers, that abiding in Christ, which leads to a growth in grace and a walk with God.

Two years before his death he had a severe illness; and when apparently very near his end, he calmly and sweetly addressed those around him as follows: "Now that I may have arrived at that very solemn period in the life of man, when he has to take leave of his dear ones with whom he has lived for so many years, and alone, without any human companionship, to pass through the dark valley and across the deep waters,—I desire to say, that I have nothing to trust to, but the unmerited mercy of God through Christ Jesus my Saviour." And after adding many other precious and loving words, he concluded with the following impressive text. "Now unto Him who is able to keep us from falling, and to present us faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, unto the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power now, henceforth, and for ever."

The last time that his voice was heard in his own meeting, he dwelt on the words in the Epistle to the Hebrews—"Having therefore brethren, boldness to enter into the Holiest by the blood of Jesus;" quoting also the following verses, with an evident realization of the blessedness offered even here to the Christian believer; and the prayer that followed breathed so much of the atmosphere of Heavenly joy, that it seemed to some of those present, as if this were possibly the winding up of his weighty, reverent, and loving ministry amongst them.

His last illness was short, and was marked by great patience, by his characteristic humility, and by loving thought and care for those dear to him. Resting in the arms of his Saviour, and sustained by the perfect peace He gave, he gently fell asleep on the 28th of the Twelfth month, 1874.

Thus was another instance given of the triumph of faith and faithfulness, "the obedience of faith:"—and we can perhaps find no more suitable reflection, with which to close this short narrative of a Christian life, than the following, which was penned by Maria Fox in reference to her own parents, and which her beloved husband adopted as a motto to his memoirs of herself. "The path of the just is as the shining light,—

and when they have been permitted through infinite mercy to attain to the perfect day, and are for ever at rest with their Saviour, whom they loved and sought to follow here below, the track by which they trod through this valley of tears is still bright, and the contemplation of it animating and instructive."

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J O H N   H O D G K I N ,

*Barrister at Law.*

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John Hodgkin was born at Pentonville in the year 1800. He and his brother Thomas, afterwards well known as Doctor Hodgkin, were brought up at home. Both were bright intelligent boys, and well repaid the labour bestowed on their education by their father, (himself engaged in private teaching,) and by other instructors. But though the intellectual result of home education was so satisfactory in their case, John Hodgkin's own judgment in after life was decidedly in favour of at least some years of school training; and he was often heard to say, that he thought it mistaken kindness to send a full-grown man to take his share in the conflict

of life, untaught to "endure hardness" in the bracing atmosphere of a school.

He chose the Law for his profession, and studied for some years in the chambers of George Harrison, an eminent conveyancer, himself a member of the Society of Friends. Here the thoroughness of his previous work, joined to his clear and accurate habits of thought, caused him to take a high place; and he was soon spoken of as "Harrison's most promising pupil." It may be remarked here, that throughout his professional life he was conspicuous for the pains which he took in teaching the *Science*, as well as practising the *Art*, of Law. His list of pupils was generally a long one; often he had to turn away applications for admission to which he felt that he could not do justice; and when his own work was pressing most heavily upon him, he generally contrived to spend an hour daily, in reading and discussing some legal text-book with his pupils. He was called to the bar of Lincoln's Inn in the year 1825, and sprang almost at once into a large conveyancing practice.

In the 29th year of his age he married Elizabeth Howard (daughter of Luke and Maria-bella Howard,) and settled at Bruce Grove, Tottenham, where he lived for the next twenty-

eight years,—years of many changes, and of some deep sorrows.

Up to this point we have said nothing as to the development of the Divine Life in his soul. His experience was rather that of “the seed springing and growing up, thou knowest not how,” than the instantaneous change we find in the history of Paul or Luther, or Bunyan. He frequently alluded in after life to the proceedings in connection with the appeal of Thomas Foster, (disowned for promulgating Unitarian opinions,) as having exercised an important influence in the formation of his religious belief; though he was only fourteen years old at the time that he listened to them. Later on, we believe that the conversation and writings of Joseph John Gurney, and the clear, powerful ministry of William Forster, were of great use in fixing the religious convictions thus produced. Most of all, probably, the influence of his tenderly loved wife tended to strengthen in him that child-like trust in God, and that willingness to take Him at His word, which were conspicuous features in her own character.

The six years which followed his marriage were years of almost unclouded happiness, and increasing outward prosperity. Probably almost

the only trouble of this time came to him from the so-called "Beacon controversy," arising from the publication by Isaac Crewdson of his "Beacon," to warn modern Friends against what he considered the deficiencies on some doctrinal points of the writings of the early Friends. The result of this controversy was to carry off into other religious communities a large number of John Hodgkin's oldest friends and family connexions. He did not, we believe, approve of all the measures adopted towards the dissentients, and his affection for those who were his near relatives was never interrupted by their increasing divergence of views: but his own line of duty seemed clearly marked out for him, to remain in the Society in which he had been born, and to serve Christ there.

We believe that it was towards the end of the year 1835, that he first spoke in one of our meetings. He felt at the time that he was making his choice between two modes of life:—"On this side, professional advancement and renown, possibly political distinction;—on that, the being accounted a fool for Christ's sake." He made the choice of Moses, and those who knew him best never heard a hint, which would lead them to suppose that he regretted his decision.

Only a few months after he had yielded to this conviction of duty, he had to receive a message like that which came to the prophet Ezekiel:—"Son of man, behold I take away from thee the desire of thine eyes with a stroke." His wife, whom he loved with an almost idolizing affection, died after an illness of three days: leaving him with five little motherless children, the youngest of whom was soon laid in its mother's grave. Before her death, beside many other words of sweet leave-taking, she said (on his asking her whether she had any especial message for him) "just this: not to withhold anything, either in public or private, which may be required for the good of our poor Society." It may easily be understood how his work for Christ would be endeared to him by such words from those dying lips; and on the other hand how much "less than nothing and vanity" the honours and pleasures of the world now appeared in his view, when, stunned by his great calamity, he went forth again to recommence the dull routine of daily toil.

After an interval of about two years, his gift in the ministry was officially recognized by his fellow-members, and he was recorded as a Minister by Tottenham Monthly Meeting. In

the thirty-seven years of his ministerial life he travelled much in the exercise of his gift. His first visit was to the Quarterly Meeting of Lincolnshire. Afterwards, the Eastern Counties, Lancashire, Yorkshire, Warwickshire, and many other English Meetings, were visited by him. In 1845 he travelled among the Friends in the South of France, in 1847 he visited Ireland, in 1861 America.

His ministry was remarkable for its union of intellectual force and richness, with what we do not shrink from calling a baptizing power. His discourses did not, like some we may have heard at times from good and earnest men, consist of texts slightly connected together, and leaving little for the mind to apprehend or remember. They were each one an organic whole, coherent in all its parts, and capable of being remembered long after by the hearers. But on the other hand, they were very far from being mere appeals to the intellectual faculties. They were by no means previously studied discourses. He sought for the *present* help and guidance of the Holy Spirit. The whole man in him—body, soul and spirit—seemed to be absorbed in the utterance of the Divine message; and a wonderful degree of sympathy with the spiritual needs of his audience

was often granted to him. A Friend once said to the writer of this memoir,—“ I was sitting as a young man in the meeting, at——, when John Hodgkin rose up, and preached a sermon in which he seemed to be turning over all the pages of my heart, and reading everything that was written there:” and we believe that many others have, in a greater or less degree, found themselves similarly reached by his ministry.

It may perhaps be mentioned here for the sake of those who never heard him in his vigour, that till the last few years of his life he had a voice of singular strength and clearness; and that under the pressure of religious feeling he generally exerted almost its full power. The result was sometimes an apparent waste of vocal energy; but on the other hand, deaf persons, (of whom there is often a larger number in the congregation than we are aware of,) not unfrequently said to him, “ we thank thee for speaking so loud. Thou art the only Minister in the meeting whom we always hear.”

The pressure of religious, combined with professional, work was very heavy during the five years which followed his acknowledgment as a Minister; and his friends watched with anxiety the constant state of tension in which his mind

was kept thereby. At length in the summer of 1843 the result followed which justified their fears. He had a severe attack of brain fever, accompanied by other alarming symptoms; and for several days his life was despaired of by his physicians. He himself had a conviction that he should recover; and closely connected with this conviction was the belief, that the life thus given back to him was to be spent more exclusively in the service of Christ, than had yet been the case. His wife (he had a few months before married Ann Backhouse of Darlington) heartily encouraged him to make the sacrifice which he believed to be called for at his hands; and thus at the early age of forty-three, and in the full tide of professional success, he retired from practice at the bar, and gave himself up to preaching the gospel.

His time however was not wholly occupied with directly religious work. Much—some of his friends thought too much—of the semi-secular work connected with the Meeting for Sufferings was laid upon his willing shoulders; and at the time of the great Irish Famine, he engaged with characteristic thoroughness in two projects for the good of Ireland; the improvement of the *Fisheries* on the west coast, and the introduction of new forms of process for the sale of heavily

encumbered estates. In the first of these enterprises, he and his coadjutors were defeated by the ignorance and obstinacy of those whom they wished to benefit. The second was more successful; he had the satisfaction of seeing the *Encumbered Estates Bill*, which he had had some share in preparing, and much in advocating, passed by Parliament, and become the means of removing many of the worst features in the economic condition of the sister island. A religious visit which he paid to Friends in Ireland in the year 1847, deepened his interest in the welfare of that country; and was, we believe, made a means of blessing to the hearts of many there, who had not before fully appreciated the freedom and the happiness of the Christian life.

In the London Yearly Meeting he occupied a position, somewhat resembling that of his older and much honoured friend Samuel Tuke. Like him he was, by the natural constitution of his mind, much less of an advocate than a judge. He seldom spoke early in a discussion; but when a subject had been well debated, and the clerk was beginning to get anxious as to how "the sense of the meeting" would emerge from the apparent chaos of propositions and counter-propositions, he would rise, and by a few weighty

and well-considered words, (like the "wherefore my sentence is" of the Apostle James in the Council at Jerusalem) would frequently guide the meeting to the right decision.

In 1845 he was left a second time a widower; and in 1850 he married, a third time, Elizabeth Haughton of Carlow, who survives him. He removed in 1858 from the neighbourhood of London, and took up his abode at Lewes, his mother's old home; where many of her relations (his chief companions in early life) still resided.

It was to him almost an awful sacrifice which he had to make, when at the age of sixty-one he believed himself called upon to leave his wife and children and happy home, and preach the gospel in America. Though not a bad sailor, he had a peculiar aversion to travelling by sea; so much so that when he had once crossed the Atlantic, he was often heard to say that nothing but the fact that his wife and children were in England, would ever have induced him to recross it. He was enabled to minister acceptably to the wants of his brethren, then sorely distressed and perplexed by the outbreak of the great Civil War. His especial gift of sympathy with the young, was we believe much appreciated by his American friends. He was permitted to return to his family

in peace, and thirteen years more of quiet happiness were granted to him at home.

At length, to use the touching words of the earliest of biographers, "the time drew nigh that Israel must die." The years after seventy told more upon his strength than those who only knew him socially were aware of. When visiting his friends at a distance, or taking part in the business of the Society, his spirits rose, and his strength seemed as great as in past days; but the prostration of his physical powers when he returned home, showed that the old vigour was no longer there. In the summer of 1874 he had the inexpressible grief of losing his daughter Ellen, one of his younger children, just as she was entering upon life, and learning in many ways to help and cheer her father. With all the many sorrows which he had known, this was practically the first time that he had been called upon to suffer as a father; and though he bore the affliction with full submission to his Heavenly Father's will, there can be little doubt that it hastened the stroke which had for some time been impending.

In the Twelfth month of 1874 he went to Bournemouth, where he had fixed to spend the winter for the sake of the health of another of his daughters. He had only been there a week, and

on account of the inclemency of the weather had had no opportunity of enjoying the beauty of the place, when in the morning of the 16th of Twelfth month, he was seized with paralysis, which rendered the left side of his body almost powerless. He was very silent during the first day after the attack; and his wife at first doubted whether he was aware of the nature of his malady. On the following day she asked him, if he knew why his dear hand was so powerless? He answered "Yes, it is some kind of paralysis, I suppose. Most likely it will go on to weaken the brain and the mental powers, until I become quite a log." She expressed her surprise that he could so quietly and calmly bear so heavy a trial; upon which his eyes filled with tears, and he spoke of God's goodness to him all his life long, and expressed his thankfulness that this attack had not come on before arriving at Bournemouth.

All through his illness, whenever his bodily condition allowed somewhat of the natural brightness of his mind to appear, there was abundant expression of his perfect faith and hope, and entire submission to the will of God. The words "Thy will be done" were many times in the day on his lips. From the first to the last week of his illness, two texts were continually present to

his mind, and frequently repeated by him ;—  
“ Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory which Thou hast given me,”—  
and “ We have not a High Priest who cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmities.”

From an early period of his malady, his speech was a good deal affected by it. Only those who knew him in his vigour, and heard him shaping forth his thoughts in clear, accurate, well-chosen words, (the faculty of speech evidently assisting the development of his ideas,) can understand how great an affliction the loss of the power of intelligible utterance must have been to him. By practice those who were constantly attending upon him learned to catch his meaning better, and after some months greater distinctness of articulation returned, yet they were often tantalized by hearing sentence after sentence of bright and interesting thoughts flow past them, from which they were unable to recover more than a few unconnected words.

On the 28th of Twelfth month he said,—“ I wish I could show forth more of the substantial peace which I feel ; but this confused state of body and mind, *not soul*, prevents my always being as restful and patient as I desire to be. I have not to say as the Sinless One did, my God,

my God, why hast Thou forsaken me? I feel that my Saviour is with me; and where He is, there He will permit His poor servant to be. I know in whom I have believed, and He has not forsaken me now in my extremity. Poor and weak and unworthy as I am, yet can I say—‘See how a Christian can die.’ I *know* that all my sins are forgiven. I know that Jesus loves me. I feel called upon, whilst still able, to bear testimony to the faithfulness and love and goodness of God to His poor servant. My distress, though partly mental and partly bodily, is *not the soul's distress*. My soul is at rest—no distress there—all peace, quietness, confidence. I know in whom I have believed, and that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him to that day.”

Twelfth month, 30th. “Thou, gracious Saviour, knowest my mental and bodily affliction, because Thou tookest our nature upon Thee, and canst understand by Thy marvellous union of Divine and Human all that I endure, as no mere human being can. Thou art touched with a feeling of my infirmity, and art able to succour in every hour and every moment of my life.” Some time after this prayer, he again alluded to this wonderful mystery, saying that nothing but the combination of perfect human nature with

the Divine nature, could understand our wonderful complex nature : " His perfect human capacity of suffering, combined with perfect Almighty power, can alone meet our need." He further stated, that in the last few months he had had this blessed doctrine made more and more clear to his view. " On this bed of suffering I feel, I know its glorious truth, to my infinite help and comfort. I know it, not theoretically merely, but practically, in this illness ; and for this cause this illness may have been sent."

Shortly after this time one of his younger sons sent him *Farrar's Life of Christ* as a New Year's present. This book was an invaluable resource during many succeeding months. The main facts discussed were of course so well known that the mind recurred to them without effort ; while the picturesque descriptions excited his interest, and occasionally some of the views expressed suggested criticisms, which were often very much to the point. Half seriously, and half in play, he proposed that one of his children should commence from his dictation " Notes on Farrar," and he seemed to enjoy collecting materials for what he often spoke of as " our joint work."

Second month, 27th, 1875. He prayed for his children—" Lord, give it to all, especially to

the younger ones, to remember that with increased powers will come increased opportunities of intercourse with the worldly minded, and for influencing such for good. Grant that whilst in the world, they may not be of the world, and that their words and actions may show that they belong not to the world, but to Thee." He often spoke of his precious daughter Ellen, who had gone before him;—expressed his belief that she was now at rest with the Saviour, whom she had at heart loved, though she herself regretted that she had not in her short life worked more for Him,—and that he would shortly join her in His presence. Sending a message to some young relations, he said, "Tell them all fear is taken away. I have joy and hope for the future. May they be established in this joy and hope of the gospel, before they are laid upon a bed of sickness as I am. \* \* I am truly a happier man than in the days of my greatest prosperity. Peace and hope and joy compensate for all the suffering. The brightest days of reputation are not to be compared with my present peace. \* \* I wish the young men whom I have watched over in their intellectual career should know, that the peace and joy which I now possess exceeds all:—and I long that they should enjoy this peace before loss of power comes. I wish them to

know it is a message from my deathbed, with my dear love."

Third month, 18th. When reading to him—"Oh that I had wings like a dove! then would I fly away, and be at rest," his wife observed that such was probably often the language of his heart in these weary days. After a pause he replied—"I think not, for my life is complete in Him; and as a part of 'Thy will be done,' it is mine to say, 'my times are in Thy hand.'" Soon after he added, "Father into Thy hands I commit my spirit."

Sixth month, 6th. Some allusion being made to the length of his illness, his wife remarked that he had now been nearly six months ill. He seemed surprised, saying "have I indeed?" and almost immediately gave thanks thus:—"Oh thanks be unto Thee, who hast enabled me to bear it, and who hast loaded me with benefits; who hast given me my dear wife's care during all that time, and hast kept my mind in rest and peace. I thank Thee for Thy showers of blessings during these six months of trial, and that Thou hast so softened the harshness of the affliction."

Sixth month, 17th. On this day there was a great change for the worse; sickness and faintness came on suddenly. He said to his wife, "I believe if we keep close together, and

keep looking up, we shall be helped, though we hardly know how." Afterwards he repeated several times, "Lord, I am ready for Thy coming." From this time the bodily strength rapidly gave way, and the periods of imperfect consciousness were much longer. Yet at intervals sweet words of hope and trust came from his lips:—"I am going home, going home. Jesus is with me." \* He gave thanks that he "needed not any earthly priest; he had the Great High Priest near him, and *He* was all sufficient." \* \* \* He recalled the promise, "I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, there ye may be also." \* \* "I shall soon see Him, and rejoice in His presence." \* \* "Our union shall not end here: we shall meet in Heaven." \* \* "Jesus has been very precious to me."

The last two days were passed in entire unconsciousness. At noon on the 3rd of Seventh month, the struggle was ended; and we reverently believe the happy spirit took its flight from the weary body of humiliation, and entered upon the glorious realization of the promise to which he had clung so earnestly,—“Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory which Thou hast given me.”

## APPENDIX.

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SARAH BENSON MATHER,

*Daughter of Robert Andrew and Ann Mather of  
Hobart Town, Tasmania.*

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The circumstances attending the removal, at the age of twenty-eight, of this sweet-spirited young Christian are full of instruction, and may be blessed beyond the circle of her relatives and friends, amongst whom she was truly and tenderly beloved. For some years she had been under engagement of marriage to Edward O. Cotton, of Kelvedon, Tasmania, and after long waiting the time for its accomplishment seemed at hand. Accompanied by one of her cousins, she had paid a visit to some of her friends, and seen the new home at the Bend; but on returning to her parents at Hobart Town after a day and night's

travel, and part of the way over rough roads, she complained of fatigue, and seemed poorly. Medical advice was called in, and it proved to be typhoid fever. She became rapidly worse, and fell a victim to the disease; but death had no terrors for her. Her father describes her state of mind as follows:

“ Sarah’s lips were filled with praises and thanksgiving. Her language was, ‘ Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.’ In her last hours she was engaged in exhorting to earnest work for Jesus; bidding us not to rest one upon another; not to look to this one or to that one, but to look only to Jesus.” Her mother said to her,—“ Dear Sarah, Jesus is near to thee now:”—“ yes!” she said, “ His presence fills the room,” and she looked about with bright wide open eyes, as if unconscious of all beneath. She called loudly twice or thrice, “ where are the sons of Tasmania?” and added, “ go and work for Jesus:—Oh! that there were two or three real earnest Christians, what could they not do?” She exhorted her brothers and all to work for Jesus, but not to rest in that as sufficient. She was earnestly engaged in supplication, shewing how her heart and soul were exercised on behalf of many; and for one especially, that he might be

pardoned and forgiven. She was much concerned for her parents, her brothers and her friends; but especially was she drawn out for her Edward, that he might be sustained and comforted, and be drawn nearer and nearer to Jesus. It was a precious time. Many hearts in close sympathy were earnestly engaged in prayer for her and for us; and wonderfully have we been sustained and comforted with the assurance of our Saviour's unchanging love! We know it is Our Father, who has kindly and without much apparent suffering, called her to Himself."

Her intended husband, writing to his father on the evening of her release, touchingly says, "The marriage is solemnized, but I am not the bridegroom:"—and to an intimate friend the next day,—“He that hath the bride is the bridegroom, and we rejoice accordingly.” The visit of the three Friends, who formed the deputation from London Yearly Meeting to the Australian Colonies, had been looked to, as the time for the marriage. They were in Hobart Town when she died, and joined the company of relatives and friends assembled at her funeral, bringing home the solemn lesson of the day to those present. One who expected to have been a brother-in-law, wrote the following verses, on a text that had

given them all much comfort, and who was with them, when her spirit took its flight at early cock crowing on the morning of the 12th of Third month, 1875.

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“ This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby.” John xi. 4.

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Not unto death, this sickness?—yet, fair sister,  
Have we not laid thee in the silent tomb?  
Did we not witness all,—that quiet parting  
In that dim chamber, in that midnight gloom?

What though fond hope found strength 'mid weary  
waiting,  
Found light and strength in many a mis-spelt sign!  
Resigned, but still reluctant,—sad, but hopeful,—  
Could we refuse to own that death was thine?

Yes, death was thine! *that* death each weary mortal  
Must know and feel, since Adam's doom we share;  
But though with thee we pressed the grave's dark  
portal,  
No king of terror claimed a victory there,

We wept, 'tis true,—it is a place for weeping,—  
The Saviour wept at Lazarus' early tomb :  
He wept with kindred grief for kindred sorrow,  
Mid death's own darkness, earth's sad parting  
gloom.

God and yet man, He knew the blissful resting  
Of ransomed spirits on the heavenly shore :  
Yet, for sad sisters' sakes and blind repining,  
Brought the freed soul to life—to death—once  
more.

Ah ! not to death, but life, dear treasured sister !  
One final farewell thine, to die no more :  
No second parting, no return of weeping,—  
One fond enfold of love on Canaan's shore.

Mute, calm and firm, amid the gathering silence,  
No waving pinion stirred the taper's flame.  
What mystic presence, strong but still, sustained  
thee ?  
Whose touch irradiant only, showed they came ?

They came, and lingering went ; but why so lofty  
Lifted the gates to let one spirit through ?  
What burst of glory swept the pearl-bound entrance ?  
What face turned earthward as the first cock crew ?

Thus ask we, with not dark but dim conjecture ;  
Faith still is ours, but thine fair glory's light :—  
The glory not thine own, but all thy Saviour's,—  
A Regal Bridegroom's guest in robes of white !

Sister, farewell ! farewell !—but not for ever,  
No end of darkness bounds our forward sight :  
We turn from thy pale death-bed, sad but hopeful,—  
Above, and all around us, "*There is light.*"

We earthward turn, for duty claims its labour,  
But light and hope shall gild our future way :  
Thy sickness, not to death but God's own glory,  
Calls through the years in Him to watch and pray.

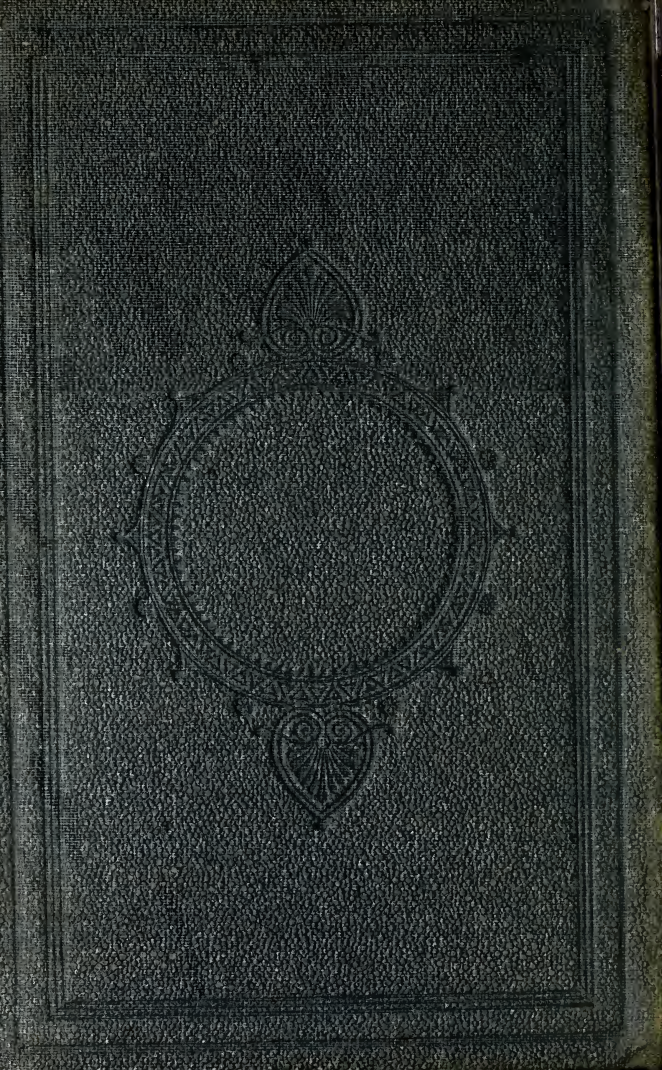
Praying and watching, working, onward pressing,  
Pressing to victory, onward, upward still !  
"Come up, My people, hither !" peals the mandate  
In tones of strength, on that all-glorious hill.

J. B. C.









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